

THE REBELLION: A TRAGEDY:

As it was acted ninedayes together,
and divers times since with good applause,
by his Majesties Company of Revells.



Written by
THOMAS RAWLINS.



LONDON:
Printed by *I. Okes*, for *Daniell Frere*,
and are to be sold at the Signe of
the Red Bull in Little
Brittaine. 1640.



The Actors Names.

A Cupid.

King of Spaine.

Antonio a Count.

Machvile a Count.

Alerzo.

Fulgentio.

Pandolpho.

Petruchio. Governour of Filford.

*Raymond a Moore Generall of
the French Army.*

Leonis.

Gilberty.

Firenzo.

*Sebastiano, Petruchios Sonne, in the
diguise of a Tayler cald Giovanni.*

Old Tayler.

Virmine his man.

Three Taylers more.

Captaine of the Bandetty.

Two Ruffians and a Brave.

Philippa the Moores wife.

Auristella Machviles wife.

Evadne Antonios Sister.

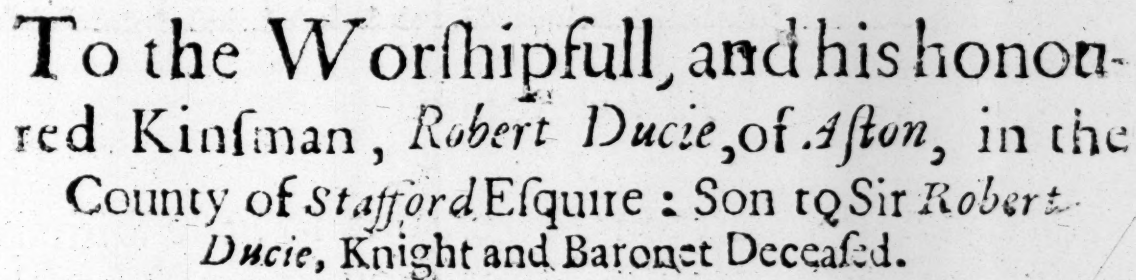
Anrelia Sebastianos Sister.

Nurse Attendant on Evadne.

Attendants.

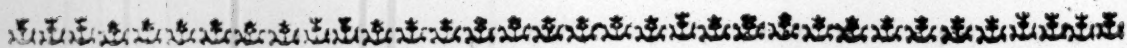
The Scene **SIVILL.**

To.



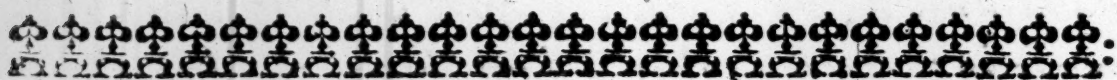
NOt to boast of any perfections, I have never yet bin Owner of Ingratitude, and would bee loath Envy should taxe mee now; having at this time opportunity to pay part of that debt I owe your love. This Tragedy had at the presentment a generall Applause; yet I have not that want of modesty, as to conclude it wholly worthy your Patronage; although I have bin bold to fixe your name unto it. Yet however, your Charity will be famous in protecting this Plant, from the breath of Zoilus; and forgiving this my confidence: and your acceptance cherish a study of a more deserving Peece, to quit the remainder of the ingagement:
In

Thomas Rawlins.



To the Reader.

REader, if Courteous, I have not so little faith as to feare thy censure; since thou knowest youth hath many faults, whereon I depend: although my ignorance of the Stage is also a sufficient excuse; if I have committed any, let thy Candor judge mildly of them; and thinke not those voluntary favours of my friends (by whose compulsive perswasions I have published this) a commendations of my seeking, or through a desire in me to encrease the Volume, but rather a care, that you (since that I have bin over entreated to present it to you) might find therein something worth your time. Take no notice of my name, for a second worke of this nature shall hardly beare it. I have no desire to bee knowne by a thread-bare Cloake, having a Calling that will maintaine it woolly. Farewell.



*To his loving friend the Author, upon his Tragedy
The Rebellion.*

TO praise thee friend, and shew the reason why,
Issues from honest love; not flattery.
My will is not to flatter, nor for spight
To praise, or dispraise; but to doe thee right.
Proud daring Rebels, in their impious way
Of Machivillian darknesse; this thy Play

Exactly

()

*Exactly shewes ; speaks thee Truths Satyrift,
 Rebellions Foe, Times honest Artist.
 Thy continu'd Scenes, Parts, Plots, and Language can
 Distinguish (worthily) the vertuous Man
 From the vicious villaine, Earths fatall ill,
 Intending mischeivous Traitor Machivill.
 Him and his trech'rous Complices, that strove
 (Like the Giganti k Rebels warre 'gainst Jove)
 To disenthroned Spains King, (the heavens annoynted)
 By sterne death all were justly disappoynted,
 Plots meet with Counter-plots, revenge, and blood,
 Rebels ruine, makes thy Tragedy good.*

Nath. Richards.



To his worthy Esteemed Mr. Thomas Rawlins on his Rebellion.

I May not wonder, for the world does know,
 What Poets can, and oft times reach unto.
 They oft worke myracles : No marvaile than
 Thou mak'st thy Tailer here a Nobleman:
 Would all the Trade were honest too but he
 Hath learn't the utmost of the Mystery,
 Filching with cunning industry, the heart
 Of such a beauty, which did prove the smart
 Of many worthy Lovers, and doth gaine
 That prize which others labour'd for in vaine.
 Thou mak'st him valiant too, and such a spirit,
 As every Noble mind approves his merit.
 But what Renowne th'ast given his worth, tis fit
 The world should render to thy hopefull wit,
 And with a welcome *Plaudit* entertaine
 This lovely issue of thy teeming braine.

A

That

()
That their kinde usage to this birth of thine,
May winne so much upon thee for each line
Thou hast bequeath'd the World thou'lt give her tenne
And raise more high the glory of thy Penne,
Accomplish these our wishes, and then see,
How all that love the Arts will honour thee.

C. G.



To my friend *Mr. Rawlins*, upon this
Play, his Worke.

Friend, in the faire compleatnesse of your play.
I've courted Truth; in these few lines to say
Something concerning it, that all may know
I pay no more of praise than what I owe.
'Tis good, and merit much more faire appeares
Apparelled in plaine prayse, then when it weares
A complementall glosse. Taylers may boast
Th'ave gain'd by your young Pen what they long lost
By the old Proverbe, which sayes, Threeto a man:
But to your vindicating Muse, that can
Make one a man, and a man Noble, they
Must wreaths of Bayes as their due praises pay.

Robert Davenport.

To



To the Author on his Rebellion.

THy Play I ne're saw : what shall I say then ?
 I in my vote, must doe as other men,
 And praise those things to all, which common Fame
 Does boast of, such a hopefull growing flame,
 Which in dispight of flattery shall shine,
 Till Envy at thy Glory doe repine :
 And on Parnassus cliffie top shall stand,
 Directing wandring wits to wish'd for Land;
 Like a Beacon o'th' Muses Hill remaine,
 That still doth burne, not lesser light retaine.
 To shew that other wits, compar'd with thee,
 Is but Rebellion i'th' high'st degree.
 For from thy Labours (thus much I doe scan)
 A Tayler is ennobled to a man.

R. W.



*To his deare friend, Mr. Thomas
 Rawlins.*

TO see a Springer of thy tender age,
 With such a lofty straine to word a Stage;
 To see a Tragedy from thee in print,
 With such a world of fine Meanders in't,
 Pusses my wondring soule : for there appears
 Such disproportion twixt thy Lines and Yeares.

A 2

That

()

That when I read thy Lines, methinkes I see
The sweet tongu'd Ovid fall upon his knee,
Wish (Parce precor) every line, and word,
Runnes in sweet numbers of its owne accord:
But I am wonder-struck, that all this while
Thy unfeather'd quill should write a Tragick stile.
This above all my admiration draws,
That one so young should know Dramaticke Lawes.
'Tis rare, and therefore is not for the span,
Or greasie thumbes of every common man.
The Damaske Rose that sprouts before the Spring
Is fit for none to smell at but a King.
Goe on sweet friend, I hope in time to see
Thy Temples rounded with the Daphnean Tree.
And if men aske who nurst thee, Ile say thus,
It was the Ambrosian Spring of Pegasus.

Rob. Chamberlain.



To his Friend Mr. Thomas Rawlins,
on his Play called the Rebellion.

I Will not praise thee Friend, nor is it fit
Least I be said to flatter what y' have writ.
For some will say, I writ to applaud thee,
That when I print thou maist doe so for me.
Faith they're deceiv'd, thou justly claim'st thy Bayes.
Vertue rewards herselfe; thy work's thy praise.

T. Iourdan.



To the ingenious Author.

A Sowre and austere kind of men there be,
That would out-law the lawes of Poesie;
And from a Common-wealths well govern'd Lists,
Some grave and too much severe Platonists,
Would exclude Poets: and have emnity
With the soules freedome, ingenuity.
These are so much for wisedome, they forget
That Heaven allow'th the use of modest wit.
These thinke the Author of a jest alone,
Is the man that deserves damnation:
Holding mirth vitious, and to laugh a sin:
Yet we must give these Cynicks leave to grin.
What will they thinke, when they shall see thee in
The plaines of faire *Elizium*? sit among
A crowned troope of Poets? and a throng
Of ancient Bardes, which soule-delighting Quire;
Sings daily Anthemnes to *Apolloes* Lyre.
Amongst which thou shalt sit; and crowned thus,
Shalt laugh at *Cato* and *Democritus*.
Thus shall thy Bayes be superscrib'd; my Pen
Did not alone make Playes, but also men.

E. B.



To his friend of the Author.

Blesse me you sacred Sister. What a throng
Of choice Encomiions's prest? such as was sung

When

()

When the sweet singer Stesichorus liv'd;
Upon whose lips the Nightingale surviv'd.
What makes my sickly fancy hither hye
(Unless it be for shelter?) when the eye
Of each peculiar Artist makes a quest
After my slender Iudgement : then a fest
Dissolves my thoughts to nothing , and my paines
Has its reward in adding to my stains.
But as the River of Athamas can fire
The sullen wood, and make its flames aspire ,
So the infused comfort I receive
By th' tye of friendship, prompts me to relieve
My fainting spirits ; and with a full saile,
Rush 'mongst your Argoseys despite of haile,
Or stormes of Critticks. Friend, to thee I come,
I know th' ast harbour, I desie much roome :
Besides, Ile pay thee for't in gratefull Verse,
Since that thou art Witts abstract, Ile rehearse :
Nothing shall wooll your eares with a long Phraise,
Of a sententious folly ; for to raise
Sad Pyramids of flattery, that may be
Condemn'd for the sincere prolixity.
Let Envy turne her Mantle, and expose
Her rotten intralls to infect the Rose,
Or pine like greenesse of thy extant wit :
Yet shall thy Homers Shield demolish it.
Upon thy Quill as on an Eagles wing,
Thou shalt be led through th' ayre's sweet whispering :
And with thy Pen thou shalt engrave thy name,
(Better then Pencill) in the List of fame. I. Tatham.

On Master Rawlins and his Tayler in the Rebellion.

IN what a strange delemma stood my mind,
When first I saw the Tayler? and did finde

It

()

It so well fraught with wit : but when I knew
 The Noble Tayler to proceed from you ;
 I stood amaz'd, as one with thunder strook.
 And knew not which to read ; you, or your Booke.
 I wonder how you could, being of our race,
 So Eagle-like looke *Phæbus* in the face.
 I wonder how you could, being so yong
 And teeming yet, encounter with so strong
 And firme a Story, 'twould indeed have prov'd
 A subject for the wisest, that had lov'd
 To sucke at *Aganippe*. But goe on,
 My best of friends, and as you have begun
 With that is good, so let your after times
 Transcendent be. *Apollo* he still shines
 On the best wits ; and if a *Momus* chance
 On this thy Volume scornfully to glance,
Melpomene will defend, and you shall see,
 That Vertue will at length make Envy flee.

I. Knight.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. Rawlins, the
 Author of the *Rebellion*.

WHat need I strive to prayse thy worthy frame,
 Or raise a Trophy to thy lasting name ?
 Were my bad wit with Eloquence refin'd,
 When I have said my most, the most's behind.
 But that I might be knowne for one of them,
 Which doe admire thy wit, and love thy pen.
 I could not better shew forth my good will,
 Then to salute you with my Virgin Quill.
 And bring you something to adorne your head
 Among a throng of friends, who oft have read
 Your learned Poems, and doe honour thee :
 And thy bright Genius. How like a curious tree
 Is thy sweet fancy, bearing fruit so rare
 The Learned still will covet. *Momus* no share
 Shall have of it ; but end his wretched dayes
 In griefe, 'cause now now he seeth th' art Crown'd with Bayes.
 Jo. Meriell.



THE REBELLION:

A TRAGEDY.

*Enter severally, Alerzo, Fulgentio,
and Pandolpho.*

Alerzo.



Ollonell

Ful. Signior Alerzo.

Aler. Heere.

Pan. Signiors well met:

The lazy morne has scarcely trim'd her selfe
To entertaine the Sun; she still retaines
The slimy tincture of the banisht night:
I hardly could discern you.

Aler. But you appeare fresh as a City Bridegroome,
That has sign'd his wife a warrant for the
Grafting hornes; how fares *Belinda*,
After the weight of so much sin? you lay with her

B

To

The Rebellion.

To night; come, speake, did you take up on trust,
Or have you pawn'd a Collony of Oathes?
Or an imbroydered Belt? or have you tane
The Courtiers trickes, to lay your sword at morgage?
Or perhaps a Feather? 'twill serve in trafficke,
To returne her Ladiship, a Fanne, or so.

Pan. Y'are merry.

Ful. Come be free,
Leave modesty for women to gild
Their pretty thriving Art of plentitude,
To enrich their Husbands browes with cornucopiaes:
A Souldier and thus bashfull!
Poxe be open.

Pan. Had I the Poxe good Colonell, I should stride
Farre opener then I doe:
But pox o'the fashion.

Aler. Count Antonio.

To them enter Antonio.

Ful. Tho he appeare fresh as a bloome
That newly kist the Sun, adorn'd with pearly
Drops, flung from the hand of the rose finger'd morne,
Yet in his heart lives a whole Host of valour.

Pan. Hee appeares
A second Mars.

Aler. More powerfull since he holds Wisedome
And Vallour captive.

{ V. if they salute Antonio

Ful. Let us salute him.

{ enters Count Machvile.

Mach. Halow close they strike,
As if they heard a winged thunder-bolt, threatn'd his death
And each ambitious were to lose his life;
So it might purchase him a longer being:
Their breath ingenders like two peacefull winds,
That joyne a friendly league, and fill the ayre
With silken musicke.
I may passe by and scarce be spar'd a looke,
Or any else but yong Antonio.
Rise from thy scorching Den thou soule of mischief.

My

The Rebellion.

My blood boyles hotter then the poyson'd flesh
Of *Hercules* cloth'd in the *Centaur's* shirts :
Swell me revenge, till I become a hill
High as *Olimpus* cloud dividing top ;
That I might fall, and crush them into ayre.
He observe. *Exit behind the hangings.*

Ant. Commandy the all
This little World I'me Master of containes,
And be assur'd 'tis granted ; I have a life,
I owe to death ; and in my Countries causes I shoul d ----

Ful. Good sir no more,
This ungratefull Land owes you too much already.

Aler. And you still bind it in stronger Bonds.

Pan. Your noble deeds, that like to thoughts out-strip
The fleeting clouds, dash all our hopes of payment :
We are poore but in unprofitable thanks ;
Nay that cannot rehearse enough your merit.

Ant. I dare not heare this ; pardon bashfull cares
For suffering such a scarlet to o're-spread
Your burning Portalls.
Gentlemen your discourses tast of Court,
They have a relish of knowne flattery ;
I must deny to understand their folly :
Your pardon, I must leave you,
Modesty commands.

Ful. Your honours vassales.

Ant. O good Colonell be more a Souldier,
Leave complements for those that live at ease,
To stuffe their Table Bookes ; and o're a bord,
Made gandy with some Pageant, beside custards,
Whose quaking strikes a feare into the eaters ,
Dispute 'em in a fashionable method.
A Souldiers language should be as his calling,
(Ruffe) to declare he is a man of fire.
Farewell without the straining of a sinew,
No superstitious cringe ; adue.

Exit.

Aler.

The Rebellion.

Aler. I't not a hopefull Lord ?
Nature to him has chain'd the peoples hearts ;
Each to his Saint offers a forme of prayer
For yong *Antonio*.

Pan. And in that loved name pray for the Kingdoms good.

Ful. Count *Matchvill*.

{ Machvile from behind

Aler. Let's away.

{ the hangings.

Exeunt: manet Matchvill.

Heart wilt not burst with rage, to see these slaves
Fawne like to whelpes on yong *Antonio*,
And fly from me as from infection? Death,
Confusion, and the list of all diseases, waite upon your lives
Till you be ripe for Hell ; which when it gapes
May it devoure you all : stay *Machvile*,
Leave this same idle chat, it becomes woman
That has no strength ; but what her tongue
Makes a Monopoly, be more a man,
Thinke, thinke ; in thy braines minte
Coyne all thy thoughts to mischief :
That may act revenge at full.
Plot, plot, tumultious thoughts, incorporate ;
Beget a lumpe how e're deform'd, that may at length
Like to a Cub lick'd by the carefull Dam,
Become like to my wilhes perfect vengeance.
Antonio, *Antonio* ; nay all
Rather then loose my will, shall head-long fall
Into eternall ruine ; my thoughts are high,
Death sit upon my brow ; let every frowne,
Banish a soule that stops me of a crowne.

Exit.

Enter Evadne and Nurse.

Evad. The Taylor yet return'd Nurse ?

Nur. Madam not yet.

Evad. I wonder why he makes gownes so imperfect
They need so many fayer.

Nur

The Rebellion.

Nur. Truly, insooth, and in good deed law Madam
The stripling is in love deepe, deepe in love.

Evad. Ha,
Does his soule shoote with an equall Dart
From the commanding Bow of loves great God,
Keepe passionate time with mine? or has *aside.*
She spy'd my errour to reflect with eager beames
Of thirsty love upon a Taylor, being my selfe
Borne high? ---- I must know more.
In love good *Nurse*; with whom?

Nur. Hey-hoe, truly madam 'tis a fortune,
Cupid good lad, prais'd be his god-head for't
Has throwne upon me, and bam proud on't;
O 'tis a youth joccond as sprightly *May*,
One that will doe discreetly with a wife,
Bord her without direction from the stars,
Or counsell from the Moone to doe for Physicke;
No, he's a backe; ---- O 'tis a backe indeed.

Evad. Fye this becomes you not.

Nur. Besides, he is of all that conquering Calling,
A Taylor madam; O 'tis a taking Trade:
What Chamber-maid, with reverence may
I speake, of those lost Maiden-heads,
Could long hold out against a Taylor?

Evad. Y'are uncivill.

Nur. What aged Female, for I must confesse I am
Worne threed-bare, would not be turn'd and live a marriage life
To purchase Heaven?

Evad. Heaven ----

Nur. Yes my deare Madam Heaven, whither
My most sweet Lady but to Heaven? hell's a
Taylors ware-house; he has the Keyes, and sits
In triumph crosse legg'd o're the mouth:
It is no place of horror,
There's no flames made blew with Brimstone;

The Rebellion.

But the bravest filkes, so fashionable :
O I doe long to weare such properties.

Evad. Leave your talke,
One knocks, goe see. *Knocks within.*

Nurf. O 'tis my love. I come. *Exit.*

Evad. A Taylor, fye, blush my too tardy soule,
And on my brow place a becomming scorne,
Whose fatall fight may kill his mounting hopes.
Were he but one that when 'twas said hee's borne,
Had bin borne noble, high,
Equall in blood to that our House boasts great;
I'de fly into his armes with as much speed,
As an ayre cutting arrow to the stake.
But O he comes, my fortitude is fled.

Enter Nurse and Giovanni with a Gowne.

Gio. Yonder she is and walkes, yet in sence strong enough to maintaine Argument, she's under my cloake; for the best part of a Lady as this age goes is her Clothes; in what reckoning ought we Taylers to be esteem'd then, that are the master workemen to correct nature? You shall have a Lady in a Dialogue with some gallant, touching his Suite, the better part of man, so sucke the breath that names the skilfull Tayler as if it nourisht her. Another *Dona* fly from the close imbracements of her Lord, to be all over measur'd by her Tayler. One will bee sicke forsooth, and bid her maid deny her to this Don, that Earle, the other Marquesse, nay to a Duke; yet let her Taylor lase and unlase her gowne, so round the skirts to fit her to the fashion: here's one has in my sight made many a noble Don to hang the head, Dukes and Marquesses, three in a morning breake their fasts on her denials; yet I, her Tayler, blest bee the kindnesse of my loving stare, am usher'd; she smiles and sayes I have staid too long, and then findes fault with some slight stitch, that eye-let hole's too close, then must I use my Bodkin 'twill never

The Rebellion.

never please else; all will not doe, I must take it home,
for no cause but to bring it her againe next morning. Wee
Taylors are the men spight o'the Proverbe, Ladies cannot
live without. It is wee

That please them best, in their commodity :
There's magick in our habits, Taylors can
Prevaile 'bove him, honour stiles best of man.

Evad. Bid him draw neere.

Nur. Come hither love, sweet chucke
My Ladye calls.

Gio. What meanes this woman? sure she loves me too,
Taylors shall speed had they no tongues to wooe :
Women wou'd sue to them.

Evad. What have you done it now?

Gio. Maddam your gowne by my industry
Is purg'd of errours.

Evad. Lord what a neate methodicall way you have
To vent your Phrases; pray when did you commence?

Gio. What meane you Madam?

Evad. Doctor I meane, you speake so physieall.

Nur. Nay Madam 'tis a youth, I praise my starrs
For their kind influence, a woman may be proud on,
And I am.

O'tis a youth in print, a new *Adonis*,
And I could wish, although my glasse tells me
I'me wondrous faire, I were a *Venus* for him.

Gio. O Lady, you are more fairer by farre.

Nur. La you there Madam.

Gio. Where art thou man? art thou transform'd?
Or art thou growne so base that
This rediculous witch should thinke I love her?

Evad. Leave us.

Nur. I goe

Ducke, Ile be here anon,
I will Dove.

Exit.

Gio. At your best leasure.

Protect

The Rebellion.

Protect me man-hood, least my glutt'd sense
Feeding with such an eager appetite on
Your rare beauty, breaking the sluices,
Burst into a flood of passionate teares;
I must, I will enjoy her, though a
Destructing clap from *Love's* Artillery were the reward :
And yet dull-daring sir by your favour no,
He must be more than savage can attempt *aside.*
To injure so much spotlesse innocence :
Pardon great Powers the thought of such offence.

Evad. When *Sabastiano* clad in conquering Steele,
And in a phrase able to kill, or from a cowards heart
Banish the thought of feare ; wo'd me,
Won not so much upon my captive soule
As this youths silence does : *aside.*
Helpe me some power out of this tangling maze,
I shall be lost else.

Gio. Feare to the breast of women,
Build thy throne on their soft hearts ;
Mine must not be thy slave.
Your pleasure Madam.

Evad. I have a question must be directly answer'd
No excuse, but from thy heart a truth.

Gio. Command me Madam, were it a secret
On whose hinges hung the casements of my life,
Yet your command shall be obey'd ; to the least
Scruple.

Evad. I take your word,
My aged Nurse tells me you love her,
Answer ; i't a truth ?

Gio. She's jealous, Ile try ;
As Oracle.

Evad. (Ha)

Gio. 'tis so, ile further ; I love her Madam,
With as rich a flame as Anchorits
Doe Saints they offer prayers too :

The Rebellion.

I hug her memory as I wou'd embrace
The breath of *love*, when it pronounc'd me
Happy; or Prophet, that should speake my
After life great, even with adoration deified.

Evad. My life, like to a bubble i'th aire,
Dissolv'd by some uncharitable winde,
Denyes my body warmth: your breath
Has made me nothing. *(She faints.)*

Gio. Rather let me lose all externall being.
Madam, good Madam.

Evad. You say you love her.

Gio. Madam, I doe.
Can any love the beauty of a stone,
Set by some curious Artist in a Ring,
But he must attribute some to
The File that addes unto the lustre?
You appeare like to a Jemme, cut by the
Steddy hand of carefull Nature, into such
Beautious Tablets, that dull Art,
Famous in skilfull flattery, is become
A Novice in what Fame proclaim'd him Doctor;
He can't expresse one sparke of your great lustre.
Madam, 'those Beanties that, but studied on
By their admirers, are deifi'd, serve
But as spots, to make your red and white
Envy'd of Cloister'd Saints.

Evad. Have I ungratefull man, like to the Sun,
That from the Heavens sends downe his
Cherishing beames on some religious plant,
That with a bow the worship of the
Thankfull, payes the preserver of his life,
And groth: But thou, unthankfull man,
In scorne of me, to love a Callender of many
Yeares.

Gio. Madam, upon my knees, a superstitious Rite,
The Heathens us'd to pay their gods, I offer up.

C

A life

The Rebellion.

A life, that untill now nere knew a price ;
Made deare because you love it.

Evad. Arise ; it is a Ceremony due unto none but heaven.

Gio. Here Ile take roote, and grow into my grave,
Unlesse deare goddesse you forget to bee
Cruell to him adores you with a zeale,
Equall to that of Hermits.

Evad. I beleeeve you, and thus exchange a devout vow,
Humbly upon my knees, that though the
Thunder of my brothers rage should force divorce,
Yet in my soule to love you ; witnesse all
The wing'd inhabitants of the highest heaven.

Gio. If suddaine lightning, such as vengefull Iave
Clears the infectious ayre with, threatn'd to
Scorch my daring soule to Cynders, if I
Did love you, Lady, I wo'd love you, spite
Of the dogged Fates, or any power
Those curst Hagges set to oppose me.

To them enter Nurse.

Evad. Be thy selfe againe.

Nurs. Madam, your Brother.

Evad. Fye, you have done it ill, your brother, say you?
Pray you take it home and mend it.

Gio. Madam, it shall be done ; I take my leave.
Love I am made thy envy ; I am he
This Votresse prayes unto, as unto thee
Taylers are more than men ; and here's the odds,
They make fine Ladyes ; Ladyes make them gods :
And so they are not men, but farre above them :
This makes the Tailers proud ; then Ladies love them. *Exit*

Antonio meets him.

Ant. What's he that past ?

Evad. My Tailer.

Ant. Theres something in his face I sure should know.
But sister to your Beads ; pray for distres'd Scivel ;
Whilst I mount some watch tower,

To

The Rebellion.

To o're-looke our enemies, religious lawes
Commands me fight for my lov'd Countries cause. *Exit.*

Evad. Love bids me pray, and on his Altars make
A Sacrifice, for my lov'd Taylers sake. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Raymond, Philippa, Leonis,
Gilberty, and Fyrenzo.

Ray. Stand. *Leo.* Stand.

Gil. Stand.

Fir. Give the word through the Army, stand there.

Within. Stand, stand, stand, stand hoe.

Ray. Bid the Drum cease, whilst we embrace our love:
Come my *Philippa*, like the twins of warre,
Lac'd in our steely Cornets, we're become
The envy of those braine begotten gods,
Mouldy Antiquity lifted to Heaven:
Thus we exchange our breath; *kisses.*

Phil. My honour'd Lord,
Duty commands, I pay it backe againe,
'Twill waste me into smoake else,
Can my body retaine that breath, that wou'd
Consume an Army, drest in a rougher habit.
Pray deliver (come I'me a gentle thiefe)
The breath you stole.

Ray. Restore back mine — So, goe pitch our tent, we'le
Have a Combate i'th field of love, with thee.

Philippa, ere we meet the foe: thou art
A friendly enemy. How say you Lords,
Does not my Love appeare,
Like to the issue of the braine of *Iove*,
Governesse of Armes and Arts, *Minerva*?

Or a selected beauty from a troop of *Amazons*.

Lords. She is a Mine of valour.

Phil. Lords spare your praises till like *Bradament*,
The mirrour of our Sexe, I make the foe
Of *France* and us, crouch like a whelpe,
Aw'd by the heaving of his Masters hand;

The Rebellion.

My heart runnes through my arme, and when I deale
A blow, it sinkes a soule:
My sword flies nimbler than the bolts of love,
And wounds as deepe: *Spaine*, thy proud host shall feele
Death has bequeath'd his office to my steele.

Ray. Come on brave Lords, upon your Generalls word,
Philippa loves no parley, like the sword. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Giovannno*, *old Tayler*, *Virmine*,
and two more.

Gio. Come bullies, come; wee must forsake the use of
nimble sheeres, and now betake us to our Spanish needles,
Stelletto blades, and prove the Proverbe lyes, lyes in his
throat: one Tayler can erect sixteene, nay more, of upstart
Gentlemen, knowne by their Cloathes, and leave enough
materialls in hell to damne a broker.

Old. We must to the wars my boyes.

Virm. How Master, to the warres?

Old. I to the warres *Virmine*, what sayst thou to that?

Virm. Nothing, but that I had rather stay at home: O the
good penny bread at breakfasts that I shall lose! Master,
good Master let me alone, to live with honest *John*, noble
John Blacke.

Tay. Wilt thou disgrace thy worthy calling, *Virmine*?

Virm. No, but I am afraid my calling will disgrace me:
I shall be gaping for my mornings loafe, and drinke of
Ale; I shall; and now and then look for a Cabbich leafe,
or an odde remnant to cloath my bashfull buttocks.

Old. You shall.

Virm. Yes marry; why I hope poore *Vermine* must bee
fed, and will be fed, or Ile torment you.

Gio. Master I take priviledge from your love to hearten
on my fellowes.

Old, I, I; doe, doe good boy. *Exit.*

Gio. Come my bold fellowes, let us eternize,

For

The Rebellion.

For our Countries good, some noble act
That may by time be Regestred at full;
And as the yeare renewes, so shall our fame
Be fresh to after times : the Taylers name,
So much trod under, and the scorne of all
Shall by this act be high whilst others fall.

3 *Tay.* Come Vermine, come.

Virm. Nay if virmine slip from the backe of a Tayler, spit
him with a Spanish Needle; or torment him in the louses
Engin: your two thumbe nailes. *Exit all but GIOVANNIO.*

Gio. The City feig'd, and thou thus chain'd
In ayrie fetters of a Ladies love;
It must not be, stay, 'tis *Evadne's* love;
Her life is with the City ruin'd, if the
French become victorious:
Evadne must not dye, her Chaster name
That once made cold, now doth my blood inflame. *Exit.*

Act Second. Scene I.

A Table and Chaires.

*Enter (after a shoute crying Antonio,) the Governour
and Count Machvile.*

Gov.

Hell take their spacious throates, we shall e're long
Be pointed as a prodige;

Antonio is the man they loade with praise,
And we stand as a Cypher to advance
Him by a number higher.

Mach. Now *Machvile* plot his ruine, *aside.*
It is not to be borne; are not you our
Masters subfitude? then why should he

The Rebellion.

Usurpe a priviledge without your leave,
To preach unto the people a Doctrine
They ought not heare :
He incites 'em not to obey your charge,
Unlesse it be to knit a friendly league
With the opposing *French*; laying before 'em
A troope of fained dangers will insue,
If we doe bid 'em battle.

Gov. Dares he doe this?

Mach. 'Tis done already;
Smother your anger and you shall see, here
At the Counsell boarde he'll breake into a
Passion; ---- which ill provoke him to. ---

aside

*To them Antonio, Alerzo, Fulgentio, and
Pandolpho : they sit in Counsell.*

Gov. Never more neede, my worthy partners, in
The dangerous brunts of Iron warre, had we
Of Counsell : the hot rain'd *French*, led by that
Haughty Moore, (upon whose sword sits
Victory inthron'd) daily increase;
And like the Army of another *Xerxes*,
Make the o're burthen'd earth groane at their weight.
We cannot long hold out; nor have we hope
Our Royall Master can raise up their Seige
E're we be forc't to yeeld :

My Lord your counsell 'tis a desperate griefe.

Mach. And must my Lord finde undelaid release?
Noble Commanders since that warres grim god,
After our sacrifice of many lives,
Neglects our offerings, and repayes our service
With losse; 'tis good to deale with policy.
He's no true Souldier that deales heedlesse blowes
With the indangering of his life; and may
Walke in a shade of safety, yet o'rethrow

His

The Rebellion.

His towering enemy.

Great *Alexander* made the then knowne world
Slave to his powerfull will, more by the helpe
Of polliticke wit,
Than by the ruffe compulsion of the sword.
Troy that indur'd the *Grecians* ten yeares Siege,
By pollicy was fir'd, and became
Like to a lofty Beacon all on flame.

Gov. Hum, hum.

Mach. Suppose the *French* be markt for conquerers :
Starrs have bin crost, when at a naturall birth
They dart prodigious beames; their influence
Like to the flame of a new-lighted Tapor,
Has with the breath of pollicy bin blowne
Out, even to nothing.

Ful. Hum, hum.

Aler. This has bin studied.

Pan. He's almost out.

Gov. Good,

But to the matter;

Your counsell.

Mach. 'Tis this my Lord;
That straight before the *French* have pitcht their Tents,
Or rais'd a worke before our City walls;
As yet their ships have not o're spread the sea,
We send a Regiment that may with speed
Land on the Marshes, and begin their backes,
Whilst we open our Gates, and with a strong assault
Force 'em retreat into the armes of death:
So the revengefull earth shall be their tombe,
That did ere while trample hertooming wombe.

Gov. *Machvile* speakes Oracle;
What sayes *Antonio*? *Ant.* Nothing.

Gov. How? *Ant.* Nothing. *Mach.* It takes : revenge,
I hugge thee; yong Lord thou'art lost. *aside.*

Gov. Speake *Antonio* your counsell.

Ant.

The Rebellion.

Ant. Nothing. *Gov.* How? *Ant.* So;
And could my wish obtaine a sudden grant
From yon Tribunall, I would crave, my senses
Might be all steeped in *Lethe*, to forget
What *Machvile* has spoken.

Mach. Ha, it takes unto my wish. *aside.*
Why *Antonio*? *Ant.* Because you speake
Not like a man, that were posselt with a
Meere Souldiers heart; much lesse a soule guarded
With subtle sinewes: O madnesse, can there be
In nature such a prodegie so senselesse,
So much to be wondred at,
As can applaud or lend a willing care
To that my blushes doe betray I've bin
Tardy to heare? your childish pollicy.

Gov. *Antonio* you're too bold; this usurpt liberty
To abuse a man of so much merit, is not
Seemely in you: nay Ile terme it sawcinesse.

Ant. Nay then my Lord, I claime the priviledge
Of a Counsellor, and will object.
This my Prophetick feares, whisper'd my heart:
When from a watch Tower I beheld the *French*
Erect their speares; which like a mighty Grove
Denied my eyes any other object:
The tops shewd by a stolen reflection from
The Sun like Diamonds, or as the glorious
Guilder of the day, should daine a lower visit.
Then my warme blood; that us'd to play like
Summer, felt a change; Gray-bearded winter
Froze my very soule, till I became
Like the *Pyrenian* Hills, rapt in a roabe of Ice:
My Atticke feares froze me into a statue.

Aler. Cowardly *Antonio*.

Ful. I have lost my faith,
And can behold him now without a wonder.

Gov. *Antonio*, y'are too long and wracke our patience;

Your

The Rebellion.

Your counsell?

Ant. I fear'd, but what? not our proud enemies,
No, did they burthen all our *Spanish* world:
And I, poore I; onely surviv'd to threat defiance
In the Mouniers teeth, and stand Defendant
For my Countries cause; naked, unarm'd.
I'de through their bragging Host, and pay my life
A Sacrifice to death, for my lov'd Countries safety.

Aler. *Fulgentio* thou hast not lost
Thy faith?

Ful. Noe, i'me reformed he's valiant.

Go. *Antonio* your counsell.

Ma. I your counsell.

An. Our foes increase to an unreckon'd number:
We lesse then nothing, since we have no hope
To arrive a number, that may cope with
Halfe their Army.

'Tis my counsell we strike a league:

'Tis wisdom to sue peace, where powerfull Fate
Threatens a ruine: least repent too late.

Ful. 'Tis god-like Counsell.

Aler. And becomes the tongue of yong *Antonio*.

Gov. *Antonio* let me tell you, you have lost
Your valiant heart; I can with safety now
Term you a Coward.

Ant. Ha.

Gov. Nay more,

Since by your Oratory, you strive
To rob your Country of a glorious conquest;
That may to after times beget a feare,
Even with the thought should awe the trembling
World: you are a Traytor.

An. Ha my Lord, Coward and Traytor, tis a damned lye,
And in the heart of him dares say't againe
He write his errour.

M. 'Tis as I wou'd hav't.

D

Fu.

The Rebellion.

Fr. Noble Antonio.

Aler. Brave spirited Lord.

Fr. The mirror of a Souldier.

Go. O are you mov'd fir, has the deserved name
Of Traytor prickt you?

An. Deserv'd?

Go. Yes.

M. Yes.

An. *Machvile* thou lyest; hadst thou a heart
Of harden'd steele, my powerfull Arme
Should pierce it.

*They fight all in a confused manner:
Antonio kills the Governour. Machvile falls.*

Aler. The Governour
Slaine by Antonio's hand?

Fr. No, by the hand of justice; fly, fly my Lord.

Aler. Send for a Chirurgion to dresse Count *Machvile*,
He must be now our Governour; the King
Signed it in the dead Governours Commission. *Exeunt sol.*

An. Now I repent too late my rash contempt,
The horror of a Murtherer will still
Follow my guilty thoughts, fly where I will. *Exit Antonio.*

Mach. I'me wounded, else Coward Antonio
Thou shouldst not fly from my revengefull Arme:
But may my curses fall upon thy head
Heavy as thunder; maist thou dye
Burthen'd with ulcerous sins, whose very
Weight may sinke thee downe to Hell:
Beneath the reach of smooth-fac'd mercies arme.

A shoute within crying Antonio.
Confusion choake your rash officious throates,
And may that breath that speakes his loathed name
Beget a Plague, whose hot infectious aire
May scald you up to blisters, which foretell

The Rebellion.

A purge of life : up *Macbivle*,
Tho'tt thy will , how ere crosse Fate
Divert the peoples hearts ; they must perforce
Sue to that Shrine our liking shall erect.
The Governour is dead, *Antonio's* lost
To any thing but death; 'tis our glad fate,
To gripe the staffe of what wee look't for state.
My bloods ambitious, and runs through my veines
Like nimble water through a Leaden Pipe
Up to some barren Mountaine : I must have more,
All wealth in my thoughts to a Crowne is poore.

Enter Giovanni, Evadne and Nurse.

Gio. 'Tis a neate Gowne and fashionable
Madam ; i't not love ?

Nur. Upon my Virginitie wonderfull handsome :
Deare, when we are married Ile have such a one ;
Shall I not chicken ? ha.

Gi. What else, kind Nurse.

Nur. Truly you Taylers are the most sanctified members
Of a Kingdome :

How many crooked and untoward bodies have
You set upright, that they goe now so straight in their
Lives and conversation, as the proudest on them all ?

Gi. That's certaine, none prouder.

Evad. How meane you sir ?

Gi. Faith Madam your crooked moveables in artificiall
bodies, that rectifie the deformity of natures over-plus , as
bunching backs, or scarcity , as scanty shoulders, are the
proudest creatures ; you shall have them jet it with an un-
daunted boldnesse ; for the truth is, what they want in sub-
stance they have in ayre :

They will scould the Tayler out of his Art,
And impute the defect of nature to his want
Of skill, though his labour make her appearance

The Rebellion.

Pride worthy.

Nur. Well said my birds eye, stand for the credit of Taylers whilst thou livest ; wilt thou not Chucke ?
Ha, sayst thou my deare ?

Gi. I were ungratefull else.

Evad. Nurse pray leave us, your presence makes your Sweet heart negligent of what he comes about ;
Pray be won to leave us here.

Nur. Madam your will's obey'd :
Yet I can hardly passe from the: my love
At such a suddaine warning.

Gi. Your eager love may be termed dotage,
For shame confesse your selfe to lesse expressions :
Leave my Lady.

Nur. A kisse and then I goe, so; farewell my Duck. *Exit.*

Gi. Death she has left a scent to poison me ;
Love her said she, is any man so mad, to hugge a disease,
Or imbrace a colder Image then *Pigmaliions*
Or play with the bird of
Frosty antiquity, not I :
Her gunms stinke worse then a Pest-house,
And more danger of infecting.
As I'me a mortall Tayler ; and your servant Madam,
Her breath has tainted me I dare not salute
Your Ladiship.

Evad. Come you are loath to part with't, 'tis so sweet.

Gi. Sweet say you Madam, a muster of diseases
Can't smell worse, than her rotten teeth.
Excuse my boldnesse, to deferre your longing ;
Thus I am new created with your breath.
My gaping pores will ne're be satisfied.
Againe ----- they still are hungry.

Kisser.

Evad. My deare friend, let not thy lovely person
March with the scoulding peace affrighting Drum :
War is too cruell : come ile chaine
You here, here in my armes ; and stifle you

Wich.

The Rebellion.

With kisses ; you sh^r'not goe ---- by this you sh^a'not goe.

Gi. By this I must.

Evad. Ile smother that harsh breath. *They kisse.*

Gi. Againe I counter-checke it.

Enter Antoino as pursued, sees them and stands amazed.

Ant. O sister, ha !

What killing sight is this ! cannot be she.
Sister.

Evad. O my deare friend, my brother, w[']are undone.

Ant. Degenerate girle, lighter than wind or ayre ;
Canst thou forget thy birth ? or 'cause thou'rt faire
Art privileg'd, dost thinke with such a zeale
To graspe an under shrub ? dare you exchange
Breath with your Taylers, without feare of vengeance
From the disturbed ghosts of our dead Parents,
For their bloods injury ? or are your favours
Growne prostitute to all ? my unkind Fate
Grieves me not halfe so much, as thee forgetfull.

Gi. Sir if on me this language, I must tell you,
You are too rash to censure. My unworthinesse that makes
Her seeme so ugly in your eyes, perhaps
Hangs in these cloaths, and's shifted off with them.
I am as noble, but that I hate to make
Comparisons, as any you can thinke worthy
To be call'd her husband.

An. Shred of a slave thou'lyest.

Gi. Sir I am hasty too ; yet in the presence of my
Mistris can use a temper..

An. Brave ; your mistris.

Enter Machvile with Officers.

Ma. Lay hold on him,
Ere we presume to meete the enemy
Weele purge the City ; lest the wrath of heaven

The Rebellion.

Fall heavy on us : *Antonio* I arrest thee
Of Capitall treason, 'gainst the King and Realme.
To prison with him.

Evad. O my lost brother !

Gi. 'Tis but an error, treason d'ye call it; to kill
The Governour in heate of blood, and not intended ?
For my *Evadne's* sake, something Ile doe
Shall save his life. *Exit.*

Ma. To prison with him.

An. Farewell *Evadne*, as thou lovest the peace
Of our dead Ancestors, cease to love
So loath'd a thing ; a Tayler,
Why ? 'tis the scorne of all ; therefore be rul'd
By thy departing Brother, doe not mixe
With so much basenesse :

Come Officers, beare me e'ne where you please,
My opprest conscience no where can have ease. *Exit with*

Ma. Lady we here enjoyne you to *Officers.*
Your Chamber as a prisoner, to
Waite a further censure ; your brothers
Fault has pul'd a punishment upon your head,
Which you must suffer.

Evad. 'Enc what you please, your tyranny can't beare
A shape so bad to make *Evadne* feare :
Strong innocence shall guard my afflicted soule,
Whose constancy shall tyranny controule. *Exeunt.*

*A noise within crying Rescue, Rescue. Enter Antonio
and Guard, to them Giovanni and Taylers and
Rescues him ; and beate them off.*

Enter a Officer meeting Machvile.

Of. A troope of Taylers by force have tane
Antonio from us, and have borne him (spight
Of the best resistance we could make) unto some

Secret.

The Rebellion.

Secret place, we can not finde him.

Ma. Screech-owle dost know what thou hast said?
Death, finde him or you dye : O my crosse starres,
He must not live to torture our vext sence,
But dye; though he had no fault but innocence. *Exit.*

Enter Giovanni, Antonio, and the old Tayler.

Gi. Can this kindnesse merit your love?
Doe I deserve your sister?

An. My sister! worthy Tayler; 'tis a gift lyes not in me to
give: aske something else, 'tis thine, although it bee gain'd
with the quite extinguishing of this; this breath you
gave mee.

Gi. Have not I ---- *An.* Speake no further, I confesse you
have bin all unto me, life, and being; I breath but with your
licence: will no price buy out your interest in me, but her
love? I tell thee Tayler, I have blood runs in mee, *Spaine*
cannot match for greatnesse, next her Kings. Yet to requite
thy love Ile call thee friend, be thou *Antonio's* friend; a fa-
vour nobles have thirsted for: will this requite thee?

Gi. Sir this may, but ----

An. My sister thou wouldst say most worthy Tayler, shee
is not mine to give; honour spake in my dying Father, 'tis a
sentence that's Registered here, in *Antonio's* heart, I must
not wed her, but to one in blood calls honour Father:
Prethee be my friend, forget I have a sister; in love Ile bee
more than a brother; tho' not to mingle blood.

Gi. May I not call her mistresse?

An. As a servant, far from the thoughts of Wedlocke.

Gi. I'me yours, friend I am proud on't; you shall finde,
That though a Tayler, I've an honest mind.
Pray Master helpe my Lord unto a Suite, his life
Lyes at your mercy.

Tay. Ile warrant you.

An. But for thy men.

Tay.

The Rebellion.

Tay. O they are proud in that they rescued you,
And my blood of honour; since you are pleas'd
To grace the now declining Trade of Taylers,
By being shrouded in their homely cloaths,
And decke a Shop-board with your noble person;
The taunting scornes, the foule mouth'd
World, can throw upon our needfull Calling
Shall be answered:

They injure honour, since your honour is a
Noble practitioner in our Mistry.

Gi. Cheere up *Antonio*, take him in,
The rest will make him merry; He goe try
The temper of a sword upon some Shield
That guards a foe.

Pray for my good successe.

Exit.

Tay. Come, come my Lord leave melancholy
To hired slaves, that murther at a price:
Yours was ---

An. No more, flatter not my sin.

Tay. You are too strikt a convertite, let's in.

Exit.

*After a confused noyse within, Enter Raymond,
Leonis, Gilberty hastily.*

Ra. What meanes this capering Eccho?
Or from whence did this so lively Counterfeit
Of Thunder, breake out to liberty?

Gil. 'Tis from the City.

Ra. It cannot be, their voyce should out-roare Iove;
Our Army like a *Basiliske*, has stricke
Death through their eyes; our number like a wind,
Broke from the Icy prison of the North,
Has froze the Portalls to their shivering hearts;
They scarce have breath enough to speake't:
They live.

*A shout
within.*

Gil. 'Ts certainly from thence.

Leo.

The Rebellion.

Leo. Y'are deceived, poore *Spaniards* feare
Ha's chang'd their elevated Gate to a dejection
Their Planet strooke.

Ra. 'Tis from our jocond Fleet, my *Genius* prompts me;
They have already plough'd the unruly seas,
And with their breasts, prooffe 'gainst the battering
Waves dasht the bigge billowes into angry froth,
And spight of the contentious full mouth'd gods
Of Sea and wind, have reach't the Citty frontiers,
And begirt her Navigable Skirts.

Againe: 'tis so. *again within.*

Gil. My Creeds another way;
I have no faith but to the City.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier bloody.

Leo. Here's one;
Now we shall know: ha! he appears
Like one compos'd of horroure.

Ra. What speakes thy troubled front?

Leo. Speak crimson Meteor.

Ra. Speake Prodigy, or on my sword thou fallst.

Sol. The bold *Spaniards*, setting aside al cold acknowledg-
Of any oddes, or notice of the number our Army (ment
Is made proud with, sends from their Walls
More lightning, than great *Iove* afrights
The trembling world with, when the aire
Is turned to muteny.

Ra. Villaine thou lyest;
'Twere madnesse to beleve thee.
Foolish *Spaine*, may like those Giants, that
Heapt hill on hill, mountaine on mountaine,
To plucke *Iove* from heaven, who with
A hand of vengeance flung 'em downe beneath
The centure, and those Cloud contemning Mounts,
Heav'd by the strength of their ambitious Armes,

E

became

The Rebellion.

Became their Monuments : so *Spaines* rash
Folly, from this arme of mine, shall find their
Graves amongst the rubbish of their
Ruin'd Cities. *Enter a second souldier.*

What another ! thy hasty newes ?

2 Mess. The daring enemies have through their gates
Made a victorious talley ; all our troopes
Have joyntly like the dust before the wind,
Made a dishonoured flight : Harke *Alarm within.*
The Conquering foe makes hitherward.

Ra. Runne to my Tent, fetch my *Philippa* :
Slave why mov'st thou not ?

2 Mess. The enemy's upon us.

Ra. Shall I send thy coward soule down the *strikes him.*
Vaults of Horrour : flye Villaine, or thou dyest.

Alarm. Enter Machvill, Alerzo, Fulgentio, Pandolpho,
with Philippa prisoner, Giavanno with Taylers.

Mach. Let one post to my Castle, and conduct my Lady,
Tell her I have a prisoner wou'd become proud
In her fore't captivity to waite upon her beauty :
Flye, let not the tardy clouds out-faile thee.

Phil. Canst thou proud man thinke that *Philippa's*
Heart, is humbled with her fortunes, (no didst thou
Bring all the rough tortures
From the worlds Child-hood) to this houre invented,
And on my resolute body, prooffe against paine,
Practis'd *Scicilian* tyranny.
My Gyant thoughts should like a cloud of wind,
Contemning smoak, mingle with heaven :
And not a looke so base, as to be pittied, shall
Give you cause of triumph.

Al. 'Fore heaven a fiery girl.

Ful. A Masculine spirit.

Pan. An Amazon.

Ra.

The Rebellion.

Ra. See my *Philippa*, her rich colour's fled, and like that
The furrow fronted Fates have made an Anvill (soule
To forge diseases on, she's lost her selfe
With her fled beauty; yet pale as she stands,
She addes more glory to our churlish foe,
Than bashfull *Tyran* to the Easterne world.
Spaniards, she is a Conquest; *Rome*,
When her two-neckt *Eagles*, aw'd the world
Would have swum through their owne blood to purchase
Nor must you enjoy that jemme, the superstitious gods
Would quarrell for, but through my heart.
Courage brave friends, they're valiant that can flye
I'th mouth of danger; 'tis they winne, though dye.

Gia. This *Moore* speaks truth,
Wrapt in a voyce of thunder.

Ra. Speake, my *Philippa*, what untutor'd slave
Durst lay a rugged hand upon thy softnesse?

Phi. 'Twas the epitome of *Hercules*:
No bigge *Colossus*, yet for strength farre bigger:
A little person great with matchlesse Valour.

Ra. What paines thou takest to praise
Thine enemy.

Phi. 'Twere sinne to rob him, that has waisted so
His blood for praise: this noble Souldier, he
'Twas made me captive; nor can he boast
'Twas in an easie combate; for my good
Sword, now ravish'd from mine arme, forc'd crimfon
Drops, that like a goary sweat, buryed
His manly body in oblivion: those that were
Skild in his Effigies, as drunke with *Lethe*, had
Forgot 'twas hee; till by the drawing of the
Ruefull curtaine they saw in him their errour.

Ra. A common Souldier owner of a strength worthy
Such praise? Dares he cope with the
French Generall single?

Phi. My Lord, you must strike quick and sure

The Rebellion.

Ra. Why pause you? my *Philippa* must not stay,
Captivity's infectious.

Ma. We have the day.

Ra. Not till you conquer me : which if my arms
Be not by Witch-craft rob'd of his late strength,
Shall spinne your labour to an ample length.

Ma. Upon him then.

Gia. Ods is dishonourable combat : my lads
Lets one to one ; I am for the *Moore*.

Ale. Thee.

Ful. Tayler, you are too sawcy.

Gia. Sawcy?

Aler. Vntutor'd groome, Mechanicke slave.

Gia. You have protection, by the Governours presence,
Else my plumed Estrages, 'tis not your feathers,
More waighy than your heads, should stop
My vengeance, but I'de text my wrong
In bloody Characters upon your pamperd flesh.

Ful. You wou'd?

Gia. By Heaven I would.

Ful. You'd be advis'd, and render up your life a Sacrifice
to patience.

Gia. Musk-Cat, I'de make your Civet worship stinke
first in your perfumed Buffe.

Ale. Phlegmaticke slave.

Gia. Bloudlesse Commanders.

Fu. Pa. Ale. How.

Gia. So.

Fu. Pa. Ale. Let's reward his boldnesse. } They fall upon

Ma. Whence this rashnesse? } *Giavanno.*

Ra. Blest occation : lets on 'em. } The French whisper.

The French flye upon 'em : They turns to their guard, and
beate 'em off.

Act

The Rebellion.

Act Third. Scene I.

Enter Mach. Ful. Pan. Aler. Giavanno with Raimond Prisoner, and the rest of the Taylors.

All the Tail. A Tayler, a Tayler, a Tayler.

Gia. Raimond y'are now my prisoner :
Blind Chance has favour'd where your thoughts,
And hope she meant to ruine
From our discord, which heaven has made victorious,
You meant to strike a harmony should glad you.

Ale. 'Tis not to be borne : a Tayler ! *Whisper.*

Ful. 'Twas an affront gales me to thinke on't :
Besides his sawcy valour might have ruin'd all
Our forward fortunes, had the French been
Stronger : let him be banish'd. *Mac.* It shall be so ;
My feares are built on grounds
Stronger than *Atlas* shoulders : this same Tayler
Retaines a spirit like the lost *Antonio* ;
Whose sister we will banish, in pretence of
Love to Justice ; 'tis a good snare, to trap the
Vulgar hearts : his, and her goods, to guild my
Lawlesse doings, Ile give the poore, whose tongues
Are i'th' bellies : which being full,
Is tipt with heartlesse prayers : but empty,
A falling Planet is lesse dangerous ; they'le downe to
Hell for curses. You Tayler. *Gia.* My Lord.

Ma. Deliver up your prisoner.

Gia. Y'are obey'd.

Ma. So : now we command on forfeit of thy
Life, you be not seene in any ground our
Masters Title circles, within three daies.

Such

The Rebellion.

Such a factious spirit we must not nourish:
Least like the Fables Serpent, growne warme
In your conceited worth, you sting
Your Countries Breasts, that nurst your valour.

Gi. This my reward?

Aler. More then thy worth deserves.

Gi. Pomander boxe thou lyeft.

Ful. Goe purge your selfe; your Country vomits you.

Gi. Slaves y' are not worth my anger.

Ful. Goe vent your spleene 'mongst Satyres, pen a
Pamphlet, and call't the Scourge of greatnesse.

Aler. Or *Spaines* ingratitude,

Gi. Yee are not worth my breath,
Else I should curse you; but I must weepe,
Not that I part from thee unthankfull *Spaine*,
But my *Evadne*, well, it must bee so:
Heart keepe thy still tough temper spight of woe.

Exit.

Ma. My house shall be your prison,
Attend 'em Colonell.

Exit, Raymond, Philippa, Aler.

Ful. Please you walke? *Exo, Ful. Pand. manet Taylers.*

1 Tay. My servant banisht.

3 Tay. Famisht master? nay faith and a Tayler
Come to be famisht, 'tis a hard World;
No bread in this world here hoe, to save
The renowned Corps of a Tayler from famishing?
'Tis no matter for drinke, give me bread.

2 Tay. Thou hast a gut wou'd swallow a pecke Loafe.

3 Tay. I marry wou'd it with vantage; I tell truth,
And as the Proverbe sayes, shame the Divell;
If our Hell afford a Divell, but I see none
Unlesse he appeare in a delicious remnant of
Nim'd Sattin, and by my faith that's a courteous
Divill, that suffers the Brokers to hang him
In their ragged Wardrobe; and us'd to sell his
Divelship for mony: I tell truth, a Tayler
And lye, faith I scorne that.

1 Tay.

The Rebellion.

1 *Tay.* Leave your discovery.

3 *Tay.* Master, a Traveller you know is famous for lying,
And having travelled as farre as hell;
May not I make description of the unknowne Land?

1 *Tay.* My braine is busie,
Sebastiano must not tread an unknowne Land
To finde out a Grave; unfortunate *Sebastiano*,
First to lose thy selfe in a disguise, unfitting for thy
Birth, and then thy Country for thy too much vallour:
There's danger in being vertuous, in this Age
Led by those sinfull Actors, the plunged stage,
Of this vice-bearing World, would head-long fall
But charitable vertue beares up all.
I must invent, I ha't, so:
As he's a Tayler; he is banisht *Spaine*,
As *Sebastiano* 'tis revoke againe.

Exit cum suis.

Enter Machvile solus.

Ma. How subtile are my springes, they take all?
With what swift speed unto my Chaffic baite
Doe all Fowles fly, unto their hasty ruine?
Clap, clap your wings, and flutter greedy fooles,
Whilst I laugh at your folly; I have a Wier
Set for the Moore, and his ambitious Consort;
Which if my wife wo'd second, they are sure.

Enter

Au. What must the second?

Auristella.

Mach. Art thou there my Love? we're in a path
That leades us to a height, we may confront
The Sun, and with a breath extinguish common
Starres; be but thou ripe, the light
That does create day to this City
Must be derived from us.

Au. You fire my soule, and to my airy
Wings, add quicker Feathers: what taske
Wo'd not I run, to be cald Queene?

Did

The Rebellion.

Did the life blood of all our Family,
Father and Mother, stand as a quicke wall
To stop my passage to a Throne,
I'de with a Puniard ope their Azure veines,
And squeeze their active blood up into Clods,
Till they become as cold as winters snow;
And as a bridge upon their trunks i'de goe.

Ma. Our soules are twinnes, and thirst with equall heat
For Deity : Kings are in all things Gods
Saving mortality.

An. To be a Queene, what danger wo'd I run?
I'de spend my life like to a Bare-foot Nun ;
So I might sit above the lesser starrs
Offsmall Nobility, but for a day.

Mach. 'Tis to be done sweet love an nearer way,
I have already with the sugar'd baites
Of Justice, liberallity, and all
The Foxe like ginns, that subtile Statse-men
Set to catch the hearts o'th giddy multitude :
Which if it faile, as cautious policy
Forbids, I build too strongly on their drunke
Uncertaine Votes, I'de have thee breake with
My great Prisoners Wife, as I will
Doe with him ; promise the states equall
Devided halfe himselfe shall rule :
So that if need compell us to take Armes,
We may have forces from the Realme of *France*,
To seate us in the Chaire of Government.

An. I never shall indure to walke as equal
With proud *Philippa*, no ; my ambitious soule
Boyles in a thirsty flame of totall glory :
I must be all, without a second flame
To dim our luster.

Mach. Still my very soule, thinkest thou I can indure
Compeditor, or let an *Ethiope* sit by *Machvils* side,
As partner in his honour ? no, as I have seene

I the

The Rebellion.

I 'the Common-wealth of Players, one that did act
The *Thebane Creon's* part; with such a life
I became ravish'd, and on *Raimond* meane,
To plot what he did one the caveling boyes of *Oedipus*.
Whilst we graspe the whole dignity.

An. As how sweet *Machvile*?

Mach. It is not ripe my love,
The King I heare applauds my justice:
Wherefore I have sent order that Count *Antonio*
Once being taken, be sent to *Fill-ford* Mill;
There ground to death.

An. What for his wife?

Mach. Thy envy: she I have banisht,
And her goods to guard a shower of curses
From my head, I've given the poore.

An. Good pollicy, let's home to our designes:
I hate to be officious, yet my frowne
Shall be dissolv'd to flattery for a Crowne. *Exit.*

Mach. Attend your Lady --- so her forward spleene,
Tickled with thought of greatnesse makes the Scene
attempts run smooth: the haughty Moore shall bee the La-
der, on whose servile backe Ile mount to greatnesse,
If calme peace deny me easie way.
Rough War shall force it, which done, *Raimond*
And his *Philippa* must goe seeke an Empire in
Elizium; for to rule, predominance belongs
Alone to me: slaves are unworthy rule,
What state wo'd set a Crowne upon a Mule? *Exit.*

Antonio disguis'd sitting in a Closet.

My soule is heavy, and my eye-lids feeble
The weighty power of lazy *Morpheus*:
Each element that breathes a life within me
Runs a contrary course, and conspire
To counterfeit a Chaos: whilst the frame

F

And

The Rebellion.

And weake supporters 'of my inward man
 (Cracke) as beneath the weight of *Atlas* burthen :
 A suddaine change, how my blear'd eye-lids strive
 To force a sleepe 'gainst nature. O yon Powers
 That rule the better thoughts, if you have ought
 To act on my fraile body, let it be with eagles
 Speed ; or if your wills so please,
 Let my fore past and undejected wrongs
 O'rewhelme my thoughts, and sinke me to the ground
 With their no lesse then deaths remembrances .
 Cease bastard slave, to clog my senses
 With the leaden weights of an unwilling sleepe ; unlesse
 Thy raw-bon'd brother joyne his force, and make
 A leperation twixt my aery soule,
 And my all earthly body :
 I am o're come, heaven worke your wills, my breath,
 Submits to this as 'twould submit to death. *Sleeper.*

Soft Musicke, Love descends halfe way then speakes

Sleepe intranced man, but be
 Wakefull in thy fancy ; see
 Love hath left his Pallace faire,
 And beates his wings against the ayre,
 To ease thy panting breasts of ill :
 Loves a Phisitian, our Will
 Must be obey'd ; therefore with hast
 To *Flanders* fly, the ecchoing blast
 Of Fame shall usher thee along,
 And leave thee pester'd in a throng
 Of searching troubles, which shall be
 But Bug-beares to thy constancy.

*Enter from one side death, and from the other side Aurelia,
 Death strikes three times at Antonio, and Aure-
 lia diverts it. Exit severally.*

What this same shadow seemes to be,
 In *Flanders* thou shalt reall see ;

The

The Rebellion.

The Maid that seem'd to conquer Death,
And give thee longer lease of breath,
Dotes on thy aire; report hath bin
Lavish in praying thee unscene.
Make hast to *Flanders*, time will be
Accus'd of slothfulnesse, if she
Be longer tortur'd: doe not stay,
My power shall guide thee on the way.

attended.

Enter Giovanni and the old Tayler.

Gio. He is asleepe.

Old Tay. See how he struggles, as if some visions
Had assum'd a shape fuller of horror
Then his troubled thoughts.

Gio. His conscience gripes him to purpose: see he wakes;
Let us observe.

Ant. Stay gentle power, leave Hostage that thy promise
Thou'lt performe,
And I will offer to thy Dicty
More then my lazy heart has offer'd yet.
But stay *Antonio*, can thy easie faith
Give credit to a dreame? an aerie vision,
Fram'd by strangling fancy, to delude weake
Sence with a gay nothing? recollect thy selfe,
Advise thee by thy feares, it may force hence
This midnights shade of griefe;
And guild it with a morne as full of joy.
As do's bright *Phabus* to our *Easterne* World,
When blushing he arises from the lap
Of Sea-greene *Thetis* to give a new day birth.

Gio. Why how now friend, what talking to thy selfe?

Ant. O *Giovanno* 'tis my unpartiall thoughts,
That rise in war against my guilty conscience;
O it stings me!

Old Tay. Be more a man, shrinke not beneath a weight
So light, a child may beare it; for beleeve me,

The Rebellion.

It my Prophetick feare deceive me not,
You had done an act, *Spaine* should for ever praise
Had you kild *Machvile* to.

Ant. As how good Master? I must call you so;
This is your Livery.

Old. O y' are a noble Tayler. But to *Machvile*
It was my chance, being sent for by his wife
To take the measure of their noble prisoner;
Who when I came was busie, being plac'd
Into a roome, where I might easily heare
Them talke of Crownes, and Kingdomes;
And of two that should be partners in this
End of *Spaine*.

Gio. Who were they?

Old. *Machvile* and *Raimond*, at last *Machvile* laught
Saying, for this I made the Governour
To crosse *Antonio* at the Counsell bord:
Knowing that one must, if not both sho'd dye.

Ant. Did he say this?

Old. He did, and added more under a feigned show
Of love to Justice, banisht your sister.

Gio. Is *Evadne* banisht? (left her.

Old. She is, and as I ghesse to *Flanders*, her woman too has

Ant. Nay droope not friend; Hott, pray tell proud
Machvile, I have a sword left to chastise
A Traitor: come, let's goe seeke *Evadne*.

Gio. O *Antonio*, the suddaine griefe almost distracts
Thy friend; but come, let's goe each severall,
And meete at *Fill-ford*: if thou findest *Evadne*,
Beare her unto the Castle.

Exit.

Ant. Farewell good master.

Exit.

Old. O you honour me.

Bootelesse were all perswasions, they'le not stay.
I'le to the King; this treason may become
Like a disease, out of the reach of Phisicke:
And may infect past care if let alone.

Exit.

Enter

The Rebellion.

Enter Raymond and Philippa.

Phi. Erect thy head my Raymond, be more tall
Then daring *Atlas*, but more safely wise:
Sustaine no burthen but the politike care
Of being great; till thou atchieve the Cities
Axeltree, and wave it as thou list.

Ray. Hast thou no skill in Magick, that thou hits
So just upon my thoughts, thy tongue is tipt
Like Natures miracle, that drawes the Steele
With unresisted violence: I can not keepe
A secret to my selfe, but thy prevailing
Rhetoricke ravishes and leaves my breast
Like to an empty Casket, that once was blest
With keeping of a Jewell I durst not trust the
Ayre with, twas so precious: pray be carefull.

Phi. You doe not doubt me?

Ray. No, were you a woman made of such course ingre-
diance as the common, which in our triveall phrase we call
meere women; I wou'd not trust thee with a Cause so
weighty, that the discovery did indanger this, this haire;
that when 'tis gone a *Linxe* cannot misse it: but you are---
I want expressions, 'tis not common words can speake you
truely, you are more than woman.

Phi. My Lord you know my temper, and how to
Win upon my heart.

Ray. I must be gone, and post a messenger,
France must supply what wants to make thee great;
An Army my *Philippa*, which these people
Snoring in pride of their last victory,
Doe not so much as dreame on?
Nor shall till they be forced to yeeld their voyces
At our election; which will be ere long.

Phi. O'tis an age, I'de rather have it sed,
Philippa then a prisoner were dead.

Exit

The Rebellion.

*Enter a Crimewall Iudge and Officers, with Antonio,
Petrucio and Aurelio meete him
with servants.*

Jud. Captaine *Petrucio*, take this condemned man
Into your charge, it is *Antonio* once a
Spanish Count, till his rash folly, with his
Life made forfeit of his honour; he
Was found travelling to your Castle,
'Twas Heavens will that his owne feet
Should with a willing pace conduct him to his ruine:
For the murther he must be ground to death
In *Filford* Mill, of which you are the Governour:
Here my Commision in its end gives strength to yours,
He's your charge: farowell,
His death must be with speed. *Exit with his.*

Ant. Deceive me not good glasse, your lights
In my esteeme never till now was precious,
'Tis the same, I 'tis the very same
I sleeping saw.

Au. Is this the man Fame speakes so nobly of?
O love, *Aurelio* never untill now
Could say he knew thee; I must desemble it.

Pet. Come sir to my Castle.

Au. Fie on you sir, to kill a Governour it is a fact
Death cannot appeare too horrible to punish.

Ant. Can this be truth? O shallow, shallow man
To credit aire, beleave there can be substance
In a cloud of thiekned smoake, as truth hid in a dreame;
Yes there is truth, that like a serowke fetcht from
An Oracle, betrayes the double dealing of the gods;
Dreames that speake all of joy, doe turne to griefe,
And such bad Fate deludes my light beleefe.

Pet. Away with him

Exeunt.

Aurelius solus.

Oft have I heard my brother with a tongue

Proud

The Rebellion.

Proud of the Office, prais'd this lovely Lord;
And my trapt soule did with as eager haile
Draw in the breath, and now : O *Aurelia*,
Buried with him must all thy joy thou haile
For ever sleepe; and with a pale consumption,
Pittyng him wilt thou thy selfe be ruin'd?
He must not dye, if there be any way
Reveal'd to the distressed, I will find it;
Assist a poore lost Virgin some good power,
And lead her to a path, whose secret tract
May guide both him and me unto our safety.
Be kind good wits, I never untill now
Put you to any trouble; 'tis your Office,
To helpe at need this little world you live by:
Not yet! O dulnesse! doe not make me mad ----
I hav't blest braine; now shall a womans wit
Wrestle with Fate, and if my plot but hit:
Come off with wreaths, my duty may may all,
I must forsake lest my *Antonio* fall. *Exit.*

Act Fourth. Scene 1.

Enter Giovanni mad, solus.

Not finde *Evadne*! sure some wanton wind
Has snacht her from the earth into the aire;
Smooth Zepher faines the tresses of her haire,
Whilst slicke *Favonius* playes the fawning slave;
And hourelly dyes, making her breasts his grave:
O false *Evadne*, is *Giovanno's* love
That has out-done all merrit for thy sake
So light, that winde out-weighs it?
No, no; no; *Evadne* is all vertue,
Sweet as the breath of Roses, and as chaste,

As

The Rebellion.

As Virgin Lillies in their infancy :
Downe you deluding Ministers of Ayre :
Evadne is not light, though she be faire :
Dissolve that counterfeit : ha, ha, ha, ha.
See how they shrink : why so, now I will love you :
Goe search into the hollowes of the earth,
And finde my love, or I will chaine you up
To eternity : see, see, who's this ? O I know him now.
So, ho, ho : so, ho, ho, not heare ?
'Tis *Phæton* : no, 'tis an heire got
Since his fathers death, into a Cloake of gold
Out-shines the Sunne; the head-strong horses
Of Licentious youth have broke their Reines
And drawne him through the Signes of all libidinousnes,
See, from the whorish front of *Capra*,
He's tumbling downe as low as beggery.
O, are you come grimme *Tartor* & *Radamonte*
Goe aske of *Pluto* if he have not tane
Evadne to his sinoky Common-wealth,
And ravish't her ? begon, why stirre you not ?
Hi, ha, ha, the devill is afraid.

Evad. Helpe, a Rape. *Within.*

Ban. Stop her mouth.

Gia. Who calls for helpe ? tis my *Evadne* ; I
It was her voyce that gave the Eccho life,
That cry'd a Rape : Divell dost love a wench ?
Who was thy Pander, ha ? What saucy fiend
Durst lay his unpar'd Fangs on my *Evadne* ?
Come Ile swimme unarmed o're *Acheron*,
And sinke grimme *Charon* in his fiery Boate.

Evad. Murther : a Rape. *Within.*

Gia. I come, I come. *Exit.*

Enter

The Rebellion.

*Enter the Bandetos dragging Evadne by the haire;
she drops a Scarfe. Exeunt.*

Enter Giovanni againe.

Gio. I cannot finde her yet;
The King of Flames protests she
Is not there: but hang him Rogue,
They say he'le lye; O how my gluttred spleene
Tickles to thinke how I have payd the slave?
I made him lead me into every hole:
Ha, ha, ha, what crying was ther there?
Here on a Wheele, turn'd by a Furies hand,
Hangs a distracted States-man, that had spent
The little wit Heaven to strange purpose lent him,
To suppress right, make beggers, and get meanes
To be a Traytor. Ha, ha, ha, and here
A Vsurer fat with the curses of so many heires
His Extortion had undone, sate to the Chin
In a warme bath, made of new melted gold;
And now and then a draught past through his throat:
He fed upon his god; but he being angry
Scalded his Chops. Right against him
Stood a fool'd Gallant, chain'd unto a post,
And lasht by Folly for his want of wit.
The reeling drunkard and plumpe glutton stood
Making of faces, close by *Tantalus*:
But dranke and fed on Aire.
The whore-master tyed to a painted Punke,
Was by a Fury termed insatiate Lust,
Whipt with a blade of fire. And here——
What's here! 'tis my *Evadnes* vale; 'tis hers I know't:
Some slave has ravish'd my *Evadne*: Well,
There breaths not such an impious slave in hell:
Nay, it is hers, I know it too too plaine:
Your breath is lost, 'tis hers, you speake in vaine.

G

*Exit.
Enter*

The Rebellion.

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter the Bandetoes with Evadne
by the Haire.*

Capt. Come, bring her forward, tye her to that tree,
Each man shall have his turne : Come Minion,
You must squench the raging flames of my
Concupifence : what doe you weep, you
Puritanicall Punke : I shall tickle mirth
Into you by and by : *Trotter*, good *Trotter* post
Unto my Cell, make compound of Muskadine
And egges ; for the truth is, I am a Gyant in my
Promises but in the act a Pigmy : I am old, and
Cannot doe as I have done ; good *Trotter*
Make all convenient speed.

Trot. Faith Master if you can't, here's them that can fer-
rit in a Cunny burrow without a provocative, Ile warrant
you : good Master let me beginne the health.

Cap. No more I say : it is a percell of excellent Mutton :
Ile cut it up my selfe : Come Minion. *Exit Trot.*

*The Captaine takes his dagger and wounds it about
her haire, and sticks it in the ground :*

Thunder and Lightning.

Evad. Kill me ; Oh kill me : Rather let me dye,
Than live to see the jewell that adorne
The soules of vertuous Virgins ravisht from me.
Doe not adde sinne to sinne, and at a price
That ruiues me, and not enriches you,
Purchase damnation : doe not, doe not do't :
Sheath here your sword, and my departing soule,
Like your good Angell, shall solicit heaven
To dash out your offences : let my flight
Be pure and spotlesse : doe not injure that,
Man-hood wou'd blush to thinke on : it is all

The Rebellion.

A maids Divinity : wanting her life
She's a faire Coarse : wanting her chastity,
A spotted soule of living infamy.

Cap. Hang Chastity.

3 Ban. A very voyce. *Enter Trotter.*

Trot. O Captaine, Captaine, yonder's the mad *Orlando*
the furious, and I thinke he takes me for — What doe you
call him ?

Cap. What *Meder* ?

Trot. I, I, *Meder* : the Divell *Meder* him, he has so nud-
led me — O here he comes ; Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Enter Giovanno.

Gio. Stay Satyre, stay ; you are too light of foote,
I cannot reach your paces, prethee stay.

What Goddesse have you there ? sure 'tis *Evadne* :

Are you the Dragons that ne're sleepe but watch

The golden fruit of the *Hesperides* :

Ha , then I am *Hercules* ; flye yce ?

Sure that face dwelt on *Evadnes* shoulders.

He beates them off, and unbindes Evadne.

Evad. O thou preserver of neare lost *Evadne*,
What must my weaknesse pay ?

Gio. 'Tis, 'tis she ; she must not know I'me mad.

Evad. Assist me some good power, (it is my friend) —
Make me but wise enough to resolve my selfe.

Gio. It may be 'tis not she ; Ile aske her name.

What are you cald sweet goddesse ?

Evad. They that know me mortall, terme me *Evadne*.

Gio. Tis she : I, I, tis she.

Evad. Pray you sir, unto the bond of what I owe you,
Which is a poore distressed Virgins life, adde
This one debt : what are you ?

Gio. Not worth your knowledge : I am a poore,
A very, very poore despised thing : but say
I pray, are you sure your name's *Evadne* ?

Evad. Tis questionlesse my Tayler. I am she,

The Rebellion.

(Receive me to your armes) not alter'd
In my heart, though in my cloaths.

Gio. I doe beleieve you, indeed I doe; but stay I don't.
Are you a Maid, a Virgin, pray tell me?
For my *Evadne* could not tell a lye; speak,
I shall love you, though that Jewell's gone.

Evad. I am as spotlesse, thanke your happy selfe
That sav'd me from those Robbers, as
The child which yet is but a jelly, 'tis so yong.

Gio. No more, no more, trust me I doe believe you.
So many slaves, whose flaming appetites,
Wou'd in one night ravish a throng of Virgins,
And never feeble degression in their heate,
He after and murther all.

Evad. How doe you?

Gio. Well, very well: belike you thinke I'me mad.

Evad. You looke distractedly.

Gio. Tis but your thoughts, indeed I'me wondrous well.
How faire she lookes after so foule a deede?
It cannot be she should be false to me:
No, thou'rt mad to thinke so. Foole, O foole,
Thinkst thou those slaves, having so faire a marke
Wou'd not be Shooting? yes, they wou'd, they have.
Evadne is flye-blowne, I cannot love her.

Evad. What say you sweet?

Gio. The innocence that sits upon that face
Sayes she is chaste, the guilty cannot speake
So evenly as she does: guilty, said, I!
Alas it were not her fault, were she ravish't.
O madnesse, madnesse, whither wilt thou beare me?

Evad. His fences are unsetled; He goe seeke
Some holy man to rectifie his wits,
Sweet will you goe unto some Hermits Cell?
You looke as you lackt rest.

Gio. She speaks like to an Angel, she's the same
As when I saw her first, as pure, as chaste.
Did she retaine the substance of a sinner,

For

The Rebellion.

For she is none, her breath wo'd then be lower,
 And betray the rankenesse of the act, but
 Her chaste sighes beget as sweet a dew
 As that of *May*.
 Why weepes *Evadne*, truly I'me not mad?
 See, I am tame, pray leade me where you please. *Exeunt.*

*A Banquet is set forth: Enter Petruchio, Aurelia, with
 two servants bringing Antonio a sleape in a
 Chaire, and set him to the Table.*

Pet The drinke has done its part effectually,
 'Twas a strong powder that could hold his senses
 So fast that this removing, so full of noise,
 Had not the power to wake him.

Aur. Good Father let *Aurelia*, your daughter,
 Doe this same act of Justice, let her tread the pin:
 The fact of his being so foule, so hatefull,
 Has lent me though a maid, such fortitude.

Pet. Thou hast thy wish, do't boldly, 'tis a deed:
 That in the ignorance of elder ages,
 Wou'd be thought full of merit:
 Be not daunted.

Aur. I have a thought, let's me it is religious,
 To sacrifice a murtherer to death;
 Especially one that did act a deed,
 So generally accounted odious.

Pet. By holy (*Jaques*) I'me a governour,
 And should my life, (though by the hand of him
 My duty does call King) be stroke i'th aire;
 My injur'd corps should not forsake the earth
 Till I did see't reveng'd: be resolute, thy foot
 Is guided by a power, that though unscene,
 Is still a furtherer of good attempts.

Aur. Pray fir lend me the Key of the backe ward,
 For though my conscience tells me 'tis an act

The Rebellion.

I may hereafter boast off; yet ile' passe unto our
Ladies Chappell when 'tis done, to be confest
Ere I am seene of any.

Pet. I am proud to see thee so well given.
Take 'em girle, and with 'em take my prayers.

Aur. He wakes, pray leave me sir. *Exit Pet.*

So Ile make fast the doore,
Goodnesse beare witness 'tis a potent power
Out-weighs my duty.

Ant. Amazement! on what tentors doe you stretch?
O how this alteration wracks my reason, i'me
To find the ~~Axe~~ tree on which it hangs?
Am I asleepe?

Aur. Shake thy wonder off, and leave that scate,
'Twas set to sinke thy body for ever
From the eyes of humane light;
To tell thee how wou'd be a fatall meanes
To both our ruines — briefly my love
Has broke the Bands of nature with my father,
To give you being.

Ant. Happy, happy vision, the blest preparative
To this same houre, my joy wou'd burst me else.

Aur. Receive me to thy armes.

Ant. I wou'd not wish to live but for thee, life were
A trouble; welcome to my soule.

Aur. Stand, I have a Ceremony, to offer to our
Safetie ere we goe.

{ *She takes a Dagge and cryes it to the Chaire, shee stampes:*
{ *The Chaire and Dagge descends, a Pistoll shot within: a*
{ *noise of a Mill.*

Had not my love like a kind branch
Of some o're looking tree, catcht thee,
Thou'dst fallen, never to looke upon the world againe.

Ant. What shall I offer to my lifes preserver?

Aur. Onely thy heart, Crown'd with a wreath of love,
Which I will ever keepe; and in exchange

Deliver

The Rebellion.

Deliver mine.

Ant. Thus I deliver, in this kisse receive't.

Aur. In the same forme *Aurelia* yeelds up hers.

Ant. What noise is that? *A noise.*

Aur. I feare my Father.

Ant. What's to be done?

Aur. Through the backe ward, of which I have
The Key; weele suddenly make scape,
Then in two Gownes of which I am provided,
Weele cloath our selves till we be past all feare.

Ant. Be't as you please, 'tis my good genious will
Thee I obey: command, ile follow still. *Exeunt.*

Enter Petruchio with servants.

Pet. She's gone unto her prayers, may every bead
Draw downe a blessing on her; that like seed
May grow into a Harvest: 'tis a girle
My age is proud of; she's indeed the Modell
Of her dead Mothers vertues, as of shape.
Beare hence this Banquet. *Exit with the Banquet.*

Giovanno is discovered sleeping in the lap of Evadne.

Evad. Thou silent god, that with the leaden Mace
Arresteth all (save those prodigious birdes)
That are Fates Heroulds to proclaime all ill;
Deafe *Giovanno*, let no fancied noyse
Of ominous Screech-owles, or night Ravens voyce
Affright his quiet sences: let his sleepe
Be free from horreur, or unruly dreames;
That may beget a tempest in the streames
Of his calme reason: let 'em run as smooth,
And with as great a silence, as those doe
That never tooke an injury; where no wind
Had yet acquaintance: but like a smooth Cristall,
Dissolv'd

The Rebellion.

Dissolv'd into a water that never frown'd,
Or knew a voyce but musicke.

Enter Antonio and Aurelia in Hermits gownes.

Holy Hermits, for such your habits speake you,
Joyne your prayers with a distressed Virgins;
That the wits of this distracted yong man
May be settled.

Ant. Sure 'tis my sister, and that sleeping man
Giovanno. She loves him still. *Hee wakes.*

Gio. O what a blessednesse am I bereft of!
What pleasure has the least part of a minute
Stollen from my eyes: methought I did embrace
A Brother and a friend; and both *Antonio.*

Evad. Blest be those gentle powers that ---

Gio. What *Evadne* --- have deceived my eyes,
Take heede *Evadne*, worship not a dreame,
'Tis of a smoaky substance, and will shrinke
Into the compasse of report; that 'twas:
And not reward the labour of a word
Were it substantiall: Could I now but see
That man, of men; i'de by my practice
Of Religious prayers, add to the Kalender
One Holy-day, and keepe it once a yeare.

Ant. Behold *Antonio.*

Evad. Brother. *To Antonio.*

Aur. Brother. *To Giovanno.*

Ant. What earth-quake shakes my heart,
With what a speed she flew into his armes!

Evad. Some power that hearkens to the prayer of virgins,
Has bin distill'd to pittie at my Fortunes;
And made *Evadne* happy.

Aur. Now my longing that was growne big,
Is with your sight delivered of a joy;
That will become a Giant; and overcome me.
Welcome, thrice welcome brother.

Ant. Ha, her brother! Fortune has bound me

The Rebellion.

So much in their debts, I must dispaire to pay 'em :
Twice has my life bin by these twins of goodnesse
Pluckt from the hand of death; that fatall enmity
Betweene our houses here shall end ,
Though my Father at his death commanded me
To eternity of hatred :
What tye binds stronger then Reprieve from death ?
Come hither friend ; now brother, take her,
Thou hast bin a noble Tayler.

Gio. Be moderate my joyes, doe not o'rewhelme me
Here take *Aurelia*, may you live happy :
O *Antonio* this, this was the cause of my disguise ;
Sebastine could not win *Evadne's* love,
But *Giovanno* did ; come now to our fathers Castle.

Ant. Pardon me ; there is a barre that does
Concerne my life forbids you as a friend,
To thinke on going to any place
But to, the Taylers house, which is not farre :
Come, as we goe I will relate the cause.

Aur. Doe good brother.

Evad. Goe good *Sebastiano*.

Gio. *Sebastine* is your Page, and bound to follow,
Leade on.

Ant. O noble temper I admire thee ! may
The world bring forth such Taylers every day. *Exeunt.*

Enter three Taylers on a Shop board.

1 *Tay.* Come, come let's worke ;
For if my guesse point the right, we sha'nt
Worke long.

3 *Tay.* I care not how soone, for I have a notable
Stomacke to bread.

2 *Tay* Dost heare, I suspect that Courtier my master
Brought in last night, to be the King ;
Which if it be bullies, all the bread in the

H

Towne

The Rebellion.

Towne sha'nt satisfie us, for we will eate

Cum Privelegio.

1 Tay. Come let's have a device, a thing, a song Boy.

3 Tay. Come an aire ---

The Song.

1 Tay, 'Tis a merry life we live,

All our worke is brought unto us;

Still are getting, never give,

For their Cloaths all men doe woe us:

Yet unkind they blast our Names,

With aspersions of dishonour:

For which we make bold with their Dames,

When we take our measure on her.

All Tay. For which wee, &c.

Enter Antonio, Giovanni, and the old Tayler.

Old Tay. You see the life we live; cease.

Ant. O 'tis a merry one.

Gio. It is no newes to me, I have bin us'd to't.

Old Tay. Now for discovery, the King as yet

Is ignorant of your names, and shall be

Till your merits beg your pardon.

My Lord you are for *Machville*, take this gowne.

Ant. Pray for successe.

Exit Ant.

Old Tay. You in this French disguise for proud *Philippa*;

This is her garment. I heare the King, be gone:

The French mans folly sit upon your tongue.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Evadne and Aurelia.

King. Belceve me Tayler you have out-strippt the Court,

For such perfections lives not every where;

Nature was vext as she's a very shrew,

She made all others in an angry mood;

These onely she can boast for Master-peeccs:

The.

The Rebellion.

The rest want something or in mind or forme,
These are precisely made: a Critticke Jury,
Of cavelliing Arts cannot condemne a scruple.

Aur. But that your entrance in this formall speech
Betray'd you are a Courtier; I had bin angry
At your Ranke flattery.

King. Can you say so?

Evad. Sir, she has spoke my meaning.

King. Friend, what are those beauties cald?

aside.

Old Tay. Your graces pardon.

King. Are they Oracle, or is the knowledge fatall?
But that I know thy faith, this deniall
Wou'd conjure a suspition in my breast;
Vse thy prerogative, 'tis thy owne house
In which you are a King; and I your guest.
Come Ladies.

Exeunt.

Enter Antonio disguised like a Physitian.

This habite will doe well, and lesse suspected;
Rapt i'this cover lives a Kingdomes plague,
They kill with licence; *Machvile's* proud dame
'Tis fam'd is sicke, upon my soule, how ere
Her health may be the Ague's commons cry;
She's a disease they groane for: this disguise
Shall sift her Ebon soule, and if she be
Infectious, like a Meagrome, or rot limbe;
The sword of Justice must devide the joynt
That holds her to the States indanger'd body,
Shee comes.

*Enter Machvile, with Auristella leaning on his arme,
with two Servants.*

Mach. Looke up my *Auristella*;
Better the Sun forsake his course to blesse,

The Rebellion.

With his continuing beames the *Antipodes* ;
And we grovell for ever in eternall night,
Then death ecclipsethy rich and stronger light,
Seeke some phylitian, horroure to my soule, she faints ;
I'de rather lose the issue of my hopes, than *Auristella*.

Ant. Issue of his hopes, strange ; *aside.*

Mach. The Crownes injoyment can yeeld no content,
Without the presence of my *Auristilla*.

Ant. Crownes injoyment, O villaine.

Mach. Why stirre you not ? fetch me some skilfull man,
My Kingdome shall reward him ; if his Art
Chaine her departing soule unto her flesh,
But for a day, till she be crown'd a Queene :
Fly, bring him unto this walke.

Ant. Stay,

Most honour'd Count, (now for a forged linke *aside.*
Of flattery to chaine me to his love ;)

Having with studious care gone o're the Art
Folly tearmes Magick, which more subline soules
Skil'd i'the Starrs, know is above that mischiefe ;
I finde you're borne to be 'bove vulger greatnesse,
Even to a Throne : but stay, let's fetch this Lady.

Mach. All greatnesse without her is slavery.

Ant. Use modest violence.

An. Oh.

Ant. Stand wider, give her aire.

Mach. God-like Physitian, I and all that's mine,
Will at thy feet offer a sacrifice.

Ant. Fore fend it goodnesse ; I, nay all ;
E're many houres makes the now yong day
A type of sparkeling youth ; shall on their knees
Pray for your highnesse.

Mach. Looke up my *Auristella*, and be great ;
Rise with the Sun, but never to decline.

Ant. What have you done ?

Mach.

The Rebellion.

Mach. Wak'd thee to be a Queene.

Ant. A Queene ! O don't dissemble ; you have rob'd me
Of greater pleasure, than the fancied blisse
Elizium owne : O for a pleasure reall, that
Wo'd appeare in all unto my dreame : that I may
Frowne, and then kill ; smile, and create againe.
Were there a Hell, as doting age wo'd have,
To fright from lawlesse courses heedlesse youth :
For such a short liv'd happinesse as that,
I wo'd be lost unto eternity.

Mach. The day growes old in houres :
Come *Auristella* to the Capitall ;
The Gray-beard Senate shall on humble knes,
Pay a Religious Sacrifice of praise
Unto thy demy Deity : the Starrs
Have in a generall Senate made thee Queene
Of this our world : Great master of thy Art,
Confirm my love. *Ant.* Madam ---

Mach Nay heare him love, believe me he's a man
That may be Secretary to the gods ;
He is alone in Art, 'twere sin to name
A second ; all are dunces to him.

Ant. How easie is the faith of the ambitious.

Mach. Follow me to the Counsell. *Exit.*

An. Are you the man my husband speakes so high of ?
Are you skill'd i'the Starres ? *Ant.* Yes Madam.

An. Your habit sayes , or you abuse the custome,
You're a Physitian ? *Ant.* Madam i'me both.

An. And dee' find no let that stops my ryding.

Ant. Not any. *An.* Away, your skill is dull, dul to dirision.
There is a Star fixt i'the heaven of greatnesse,
That sparkles with a rich and fresher light,
Than our sicke and defective Taper.

Ant. It may be so, the horiscope is troubled ;

An. Confusion take your horiscope and you.
Can you with all your Art advise my feares,

The Rebellion.

How to confound this constellation.

Ant. Death how she conjures ;
Madam I must search into the Planets.

Ant. Planet me no planets ; be a Physitian,
And from your study of industrious poisons,
Fetch me your best experienc'd speedy one,
And bring it to me straight : what 'tis to doe,
Like unresolved riddles hid from you. *Exit.*

Ant. Planet said I ; upon my life no planet
Is so swift as her nere resting evill,
That's her tongue : well i'le not question
What the poisons for, if for her selfe,
The common Hangman's eas'd the labour of ablow,
For if she live her head must certaine off ;
The poison ile goe get, and give it her,
Then to the King :
If *Sebastiano's* Frenchified disguise
Purchase the like discovery, our eyes
Will be too scanty ; we had need to be
All eye, to watch such haughty villany. *Exit.*

Enter *Giovanno and Philippa.*

Gio. Begare Madam me make de gowne so brave ; O, de
hole vorle vorke be me patron, me ha vorke for le grand
Duches le *Shevere*, le *Royne de Francia*, *Spanea de Angleter*
an all d' fine Madamofels.

Phi. Nay Monsier to deprive desert of praise, is unknown
Language, troth I use it not ; nay it is verry well.

Gio. Be me trot a Madam mener doe ill, de *English* man
do ill, de *Spanere* doe, de *Duch*, de all doe ill, but y our
Franch man, and begare he doe incomparable brave.

Phi. Y'are too proud, on't.

Gio. Begare me noe proud ide vorle, me speake be me
trot de trut, ang me noe lye ; metra Madam begare you have
de find bode a de vorle, O de fine brave big ting me have c-

ver

The Rebellion.

ver measure, me waire fit it so pat.

Enter Raimond.

Phi. Welcome my Lord;
Shall I still long, yet lose my longing still?
Is there no Art to mount the lofty seat?
No Engin that may make us ever great?
Must we be still stil'd Subjects, and for feare
Our closest whispers reach the awing care,
Not trust the wind? Ray. Be calme my love,
Ha, who have we here an eues dropper.

Gio. *Me Signiot, Be povera iente homa a French*
A votre commandement. Phi. My Tayler,

Gio. *We Monsieur de Madam Tayler.*

Ray. Some happy genits does attend my wilhes,
Or spirit like a Page conducts into me
The Ministers, whose sweet must feat me easie.
Come hither *French* man, canst thou rule thy tongue?
Art not too much a woman?

Gio. No begar me show someting for de man.

Ray. Or canst thou be like a perverse on, professe dogednes?
Be as a dead man dumbe, briefly be this :
A friend to *France*, and with a silent speed,
Post to our now approaching armed friends :
Tell them that *Raimond* e're the hasty Sand
Of a short houre be spent, shall be impal'd,
And on his brow a Deputy for *France*,
Support a golden wreath of Kingly cares :
Bid 'em make hast to plucke my partaer downe
Into his Grave ; be gone, as thou nurfest
In thy breast thoughts that doe thirst
For noblenesse : be secret and thou'rt made ;
If not, thou'rt nothing. Marke, 'tis *Raimond* sayes it :
And as I live, I breath not, if my deedes
Appeare not in a horrour 'bove my words.

Gio. Begar me no ned de threaten, me be as close to your
secret, or my *Ladyes* secrets as de skin to de flesh ; de flesh to
de

The Rebellion.

de bone : if me tell call me de --- vat, de ye call de moder o
de Dog, de Bich; call me de son o de Bich.

Enter Fulgentio.

Ful. Count *Machvile* waites your honour i'th Hall.

Ray. Do't, and be more then common in our favour;
Here take this Ring for thy more credit :
Farewell, be quicke and secret. *Exeunt.*

Gio. Folly goe from my tongue, the *French* so high,
And thou halfe ruin'd *Spaine*, so wretchedly provided;
Strange, yet not, all Countries have bread monsters :
'Tis a Proverbe as plaine as true, and aged as 'tis both :
One tainted Sheepe mires a whole flocke.

Machvile that tainted beast, whose spreading ills
Infecteth all; and by infecting kills.

Ile to the *French*, what he intends to be
Our ruine; shall confound their villany. *Exit.*

A& Fifth. Scene 1.

*Enter the King, Antonio, old Taylor, Evadne,
Aurelia, the King and Antonio whisper.*

King.

FOr this discovery be still *Antonio*,
The frowning Law, may with a furrowed face
Hereafter looke upon; but nere shall touch
Thy condemn'd body. Here from a Kings hand,
Take thy *Aurelia*; our command shall smooth
The rising billowes of her Fathers rage,
And charme it to a calme : let one be sent
To certifie our pleasure, we wo'd see him.

Old Tay. Your graces Wil shall be in all obey'd.

King. Thy loyall love, makes thy King poore.

Old

The Rebellion.

Old Tay. Let not your judgement, Royall sir, be question'd,
To terme that love, was but a subjects duty. *Exit.*

King. You sent the poyson, did you ?

Ant. Yes, and it like your grace, the Apothecary
Cald it a strong provocative to madnesse.

King. Did not he question what you us'd it for ?

Ant. O my disguise saved him that labour, sir,
My habit, that was more Physitian than my selfe,
Told him 'twas to dispatch some property
That had beene torter'd with five thousand drugges
To try experiment : another man
Sha'nt buy the quantity of so much Rats-bane
Shall kill a Flea, but shall be had forsooth
Before a Justice, be question'd ; nay, perhaps
Confin'd to peepe throw an Iron grate :
When your Physitian may poyson, who
Not, *cum privilegio* : it is his trade.

Enter Giovanni.

Evad. O my *Sebastine*.

Gio. Peace my *Avadne*,, the King must not yet know me.

Evad. My brother has already made you knowne.

Gio. Wil't please your Highnesse ?

King. What *Sabaftiano*, to be still a King
Of Universall Spaine, without a Rivall ?
Yes, it does please me, and you ministers
Of my still growing greatnesse, shall e're long
Find I am pleas'd with you, that boldly durst
Plucke from the fixed arme of sleeping Justice
Her long sheath'd sword ; and whet the rusty blade
Upon the bones of *Machvile*, and his
Confederate Rebels.

Gio. That my Lord is yet to doe, let him mount higher.
That his fall may be too deep for a resurrection ;
They're gone to the great Hall, whither wilt please your
I Grace

The Rebellion.

Grace disguised to goe, your person by our care shall be
Séure. Their *French* troopes I have sent as uselesse into
France, by vertue of *Raimonds* Ring, which he gave
Me to bid the Generall by that token
To march to this City.

King. What say the Colonells will they assist me?

Ant. Doubt not my Lord.

King. Come then, lets goe guarded, with such as you
Twere sinne to feare, were all the world untruc. *Exeunt*.

Enter Taylers.

Old. Now for the credit of Taylers.

3 *Tay*. Nay, Master and we doe not act as they say,
With any Players in the Globe of the world,
Let us be baited like a Bull for a company of
Strutting Coxcombes: nay we can act I can tell you.

Old. Well I must to the King; see you be perfect,
Ile move it to his Highnesse. *Exit*.

1 *Tay*. Now my Masters are we to doe; d'e marke me,
doe——

3 *Tay*. Doe; what doe? Act, act, you foole you, do said
you, what doe? you a Player, you a Plasterer, a meere durt
dawber; and not worthy to bee mentioned with *Virmine*,
that exact Actor: doe, I am asham'd on't, fie.

2 *Tay*. Well said *Virmine*, thou ticklest him y' faith.

4 *Tay*. Doe, pha.

1 *Tay*. Well play; we are to play a play.

3 *Tay*. Play a play a play, ha, ha, ha; O egredious nonsen-
sencicall wigeon, thou shame to our crosse-legg'd corpora-
tion; thou fellow of a sound, play a play; why forty pound
golding of the beggers *Theater* speakes better, yet has a
marke for the sage audience to exercise their dexterity, in
throwing of rotten apples whilst my stout Actor pockets,
and then eates up the injury: play a play, it makes my wor-
ship laugh yfaith.

2 *Tay*:

The Rebellion.

2 Tay. To him *Virmine*, thou bitst him yfaith.

1 Tay. Well, act a Play before the King.

2 Tay. What play shall we act?

3 Tay. To fret the *French* the more, we will act strange but true, or the stradling Mounseieur, with the *Neopolitan* Gentleman between his legges.

2 Tay. That wo'not act well.

3 Tay. O giant of incomperable ignorance: that wo'not act well, ha, ha, that wo'not doe well, you Asses you.

2 Tay. You bit him for saying doe: *Virmine* leave biting you'd best.

1 Tay. What say you to our Spanish Bilbo?

3 Tay. Who *Ieronimo*? 1 Tay. I.

3 Tay. That he was a mad rascall to stab himselfe.

1 Tay. But shall wee act him?

2 Tay. I let us doe him.

3 Tay. Doe againe, ha.

2 Tay. No, no, let us act him.

3 Tay. I am content.

1 Tay. Who shall act the Ghost.

3 Why marry that will I, I *Virmine*.

1 Thou dost not looke like a Ghost.

3. A little Players deceite: flower will doe't; Marke me,
I can rehearse, marke me rehearse some:
When this eternall substance of the soule
Did live imprison'd in my wanton flesh,
I was a Tayler in the Court of Spaine.

2 Tay. Courtier *Virmine* in the Court of Spaine.

3 Tay. I, there's a great many Courtiers *Virmine* indeed:
Those are they beg poore mens livings;
But I say, Tailer *Vermine* is a Court Tailer.

2 Tay. Who shall act *Ieronimo*?

3 Tay. That will I:

Marke if I doe not gape wider than the widest
Mouth'd Fowler of them all, hang me:

"Who calls *Ieronimo* from his naked bed: haugh!

The Rebellion.

Now for the passionate part—

“Alas it is my sonne *Horatio*.

1 *Tay*. Very fine : but who shall act *Horatio*?

2 *Tay*. I, who shall doe your sonne?

3 *Tay*. What doe, doe againe : Well I will act *Horatio*.

2 *Tay*. Why you are his father.

3 *Tay*. Pray who is fitter to act the sonne, than the father
That begot him.

1 *Tay*. Who shall act Prince *Belthazer* and the King?

3 *Tay*. I will doe Prince *Belthazer* too : and for the King
Who but I ? which of you all has such a face for a King,
Or such a leg to trip up the heeles of a Traytor ?

2 *Tay*. You will doe all I thinke.

3 *Tay*. Yes marry will I ; who but *Uirvine* ? yet I will
Leave all to play the King :

Pass by *Ieronimo*.

2 *Tay*. Then you are for the King ?

3 *Tay*. I bully I.

1 *Tay*. Lets goe seeke our fellowes, and to this geere.

3 *Tay*. Come on then. *Exeunt.*

A table and stooles set. Enter Brave,

Men of our needfull profession, that deale in such commodities as mens lives, had need to looke about 'em : re they trafficke : I am to kill *Raimond*, the Devills cozen german, for he weares the same complexion : but there is a right Devill that hath hired me, that's Count *Machvile*. Good Table conceale me, here will I wait my watch-word ; but stay, have I not forgot it (Then) I then is my arme to enter. I heare them comming.

Goes under the table.

*Enter the King, Antonio, old Tayler, Evadne, Aurelia, above.
Machvile, Raimond, Philippa, Auristella, Giovanni, the
Colonells, with a guard below.*

Mach. Pray take your seats.

Rai.

The Rebellion.

Ray. Not well, prethee retire.

Phi. Sicke, sicke at heart.

An. Well wrought poison, O how joy swells me.

Ant. You see my Lord the poison is boxt up. *above.*

Phi. Health waite upon this Royall company.

King. Knowes she we are here?

Ant. O no my Lord, 'tis to the twins of treason:

Machvile, and Raymond.

Ful. Royall! there's something in't.

Aler. It smells ranke o'th Traytor:

Pan. Are you i'th wind on't?

An. Will you leave us?

Phi. I cannot stay; O I am sicke to death. *Exit.*

An. Or Ile nere trust poison more.

Mach. Pray seate your selves

Gentlemen, though your deserts have merit (*They sit about*

And your worth's have deserv'd nobly; *the Table.*

But ingratitude, that should be banisht

From a Princes breast, is *Philips* favorite.

King. *Philip* Traytor, why not King? I am so.

Ant. Patience good my Lord; ile downe. *Exit.*

Mach. It lives too neere him:

You that have venter'd with expence of blood,

And danger of your lives, to rivet him

Unto his Seate with peace: you that in War

He term'd his *Atlases*, and prest with praises

Your brawny shoulders; eald you his *Colossuses*,

And said your lookes frighted tall war

Out of his territories: now in peace,

The issue of your labour: this bad man,

Philip I meane, made of ingratitude,

Wo' not afford a name, that may distinguish

Your worthy selves from Cowards:

Civet Cats spotted with Rats dung,

Or a face like white Broth, strew'd o're with Currance

For a stirring Caper, or itching Dance, to

The Rebellion.

Please my Lady *Vanity*, shall be made
A smocke Knight.

King. Villaine, must our disgrace mount thee ?

Ful. To what tends this ?

Aler. What meanes Count *Machvile*? *Enter Antonio*

An. To be your King; fie on this circumstance, *below.*
My longing will not brooke it : say,
Will you obey us as your Kings and Queenes. *afide.*

Ful. My Lord *Antonio*.

Ant. Confine your selves, the King is within hearing;
therefore make show of liking *Machvile's* plot : let him
Mount high, his fall will bee the deeper: my life you
shall bee safe.

An. Say, are you agreed ?

Ray. If not weele force you to't:

Speake *French* man, are our forces i'th City?

Gio. Wee Mounfier.

Aler. Ful. Pan. We acknowledge you our King.

King More Traytors.

Mach. Why then. *The brave stabs Raymond.*

Ray. Ha, from whence this suddaine Mischiefe ?

Did you not see a hand arm'd with the fatall
Ruine of my life.

Gio. None paw Signior.

Mach. Ha, ha, ha; lay hold on those *French* Souldiers,
Away with them. *Exeunt guard with the French Colonels.*

Ray. Wast thy plot *Machvile* ? goe laughing to thy grave.

An. Alasse my Lord is wounded. *(Stabs him.)*

Ray. Come hither *French* man, make a dying man
Bound to thy love ; goe to *Philippa*,
Sickly as she is bring her unto me ;
Or my flying soule will not depart in peace else :
Prethee make hast: yet stay, I have not breath
To pay thy labour.

Shrinke yee, you tweene-borne *Atlases*, that beare
This my neere ruin'd world; have you not strength

To

The Rebel lion.

To beare a curse, whose breath may taint the aire,
That this Globe may feele a universall plague.
No, yet beare up, till with a vengefull eye
I out-stare day, and from the dogged sky
Plucke my impartiall Star: O, my blood
Is frozen in my veines --- farewell revenge --- me --- dyes.

Aler. They need no Law.

Ful. Nor Hang-man.

Pan. They Condemne, and execute without a Jury.

Enter Philippa mad.

Phi. I come, I come; nay fly not, for by Hell
Ile plucke thee by the Beard, and drag thee thus
Out of thy fiery Cave. Ha, on yonder hill
Stand troopes of divills waiting for my soule:
But Ile deceive 'em, and instead of mine,
Send this same spotted Tygers. *Stabs Auristella.*

An. Oh.

Phi. So, whilst they to hell
Are posting with their prize, Ile steale to Heaven:
Wolfe dost thou grin? ha, is my *Raymond* dead?
So ho, so ho: come backe
You suttie Fiends that have my *Raymonds* soule,
And lay it downe, or I will force you do't:
No, won't you stir? by *Stix* Ile baite you for't:
Where is my Crowne? *Philippa* was a Queene,
Was she not ha? Why so, where is my Crowne:
O you have hid it --- ha, wa'st thou *Over throwes*
That rob'd *Philippa* of her *Raymonds* life? *the Table.*
Nay I will nip your wings, you shall not fly;
Ile plucke you by the guarded front: and thus
Sinke you to hell before me. *Stabs the Brave.*

Bra. Oh, oh.

Phi. What downe, ho, ho, ho:
Laugh, laugh, you soules that fry in endlesse flames;

Ha,

The Rebellion.

Ha, whence this chilnesse --- must I dye --- nay then,
I come, I come ; nay weepe not for I come :

Sleepe injur'd shadow, O death strikes dumbe. *dyes.*

An. Machvile thy hand, I can't repent, farewell :
My burthened conscience sinkes me downe to hell. *Dyes.*

Mach. I cannot tarry long, farewell ; weele meet
Where we shall never part : if here be any
My life has injur'd, let your charity
Forgive declining *Machvile* : I am sorry.

Ant. His penitence workes strongly on my temper.
Of disguise, see falling Count : *Antonio* forgives thee.

Mach. *Antonio*, O my shame,
Can you whom I have injur'd most pardon my guilt ?
Give me thy hand yet nearer, this imbrace
Betray's thee to thy death : ha, ha, ha. *Stabs him.*

So weepes the *Egyptian* monster when it kills,
Wash't in a floud of teares ; could'tt ever thinke
Machvile's repentance could come from his heart ;

No, downe *Colossus* Author of my sin,
And beare the burthen mingled with thine owne, *Enter the*
To finish thy damnation. *King. Aur. Evad.*

King. Accursed villaine, thou hast murther'd him *old Tay.*
That holds not one small drop of loyall blood :
But what is worth thy life.

Evad. O my brother.

Gio. Give him some ayre, the wound cannot be mortall.

An. Alas he faints, O my *Antonio* :
Curst *Machvile*, may thy soule ---

Ant. Peace, peace *Aurelia* ; be more mercifull :
Men are apt to censure, and will condemne
Thy passion, call it madnesse, and say thou
Wantst Religion : nay weepe not sweet,
For every one must dye : it was thy love,
For to deceive the Law, and give me life :
But death you see has reacht me, O, I dye ;
Blood must have blood, so speakes the Law of Heaven:

The Rebellion.

He slew the Governour, for which rash deed :
Heaven, fate, and man, thus make *Antonio* bleed. *Dyes.*

Mach. Sleepe, sleepe great heart, thy vertue made me ill
Authors of vice, 'tis fit the vitious kill :
But yet forgive me, Oh, my great heart
Dissolves like snow, and lessons to a Rhume,
Cold as the envious blasts of Notherne wind :
World how I lov'd thee, 'twere a sin to boast ;
Farewell, I now must leave thee ; my life
Growes empty with my veines : I cannot stand, my breath
Is as my strength, weake ; and both seiz'd by death :
Farewell ambition catching at a Crowne,
Death tript me up, and head-long threw me downe. *Dyes.*

King. So falls an exhalation from the sky,
And's never mist because unnaturall ;
A birth begotten by incorporate ill :
Whose ulher to the gazing World is wonder.

Enter Petruchio.

Alas good man, thou'rt come unto a sight
Will try thy temper, whether joy or griefe
Shall Conquer most within thee ; joy lyes here
Scater'd in many heapes : these when they liv'd,
Threatned to teare this balsome from our brow,
And rob our Majesty of this Elyxar : *points to his*
I'lt not my right ? was not I heire to *Spaine* ? *Crowne.*

Pet. You are our Prince, and may you live
Long to injoy your right.

King. But now looke here, 'tis plaine griefe has a hand
Harder than joy ; it presseth out such teares.
Nay rise.

Pet. I doe beseech your Grace not to thinke me
Contriver of *Antonio's* scape from death,
'Twas my disloyall daughters breach of duty.

King. That's long since pardon'd.

Pet. You're still mercifull.

King. *Antonio* was thy sonne, I sent for thee

The Rebellion.

For to confirme it, but he is dead :
Be mercyfull, and doe not curse the hand
That gave it him, though it deserve it.

Au. O my griefes, are you not strong enough
To breake my heart? pray tell me, tell me true;
Can it be thought a sin? or is it so,
By my owne hand to ease my breast of woe?

King. Alas poore Lady; rise, thy Father's here.

Pet. Looke up *Aurelia*, ha, why doe you kneele?

Gio. For a blessing.

Pet. Why she is not *Aurelia*, doe not mocke me.

King. But he is *Sebastiano* and your sonne;
Late by our hand made happy by injoying
The faire *Evadne* dead *Antonio's* sister :
For whose sake he became a Tayler,
And so long liv'd in that meane disguise.

Pet. My joy had bin too great if he had liv'd,
The thrifty heaven's mingle our sweets with gall ;
Least being glutt'd with excesse of good,
We should forget the giver. Rise *Sebastiano*
With thy happy choise, mayst thou live crown'd
With the injoyment of those benifits,
My prayers shall beg for : rise *Aurelio*,
And in some place blest with religious prayers,
Spend thy left Remnant.

Au. You advise well: indeed it was a fault
To breake the bonds of duty, and of law ;
But love, O Love; thou whose all conquering power,
Builds Castles on the hearts of easie maidcs,
And makes 'em strong unto attempt those dangers ;
That but rehearst before, wo'd fright their soules
Into a Jelly. Brother, I must leave you ;
And Father, when I send to you a note, that shall
Desire a yearely stipend to that holy place
My tyred feet has found to rest them in ;
Pray confirme it.

And

The Rebellion.

And now great King *Aurelia* begs of you,
To grace *Antonio* in the mournfull March
Unto his grave, which be where you thinke fit :
We need not be inter'd both in one Vault.

King. Blest Virgin, thy desires I will performe.

An. Then I leave you, my prayers shall still attend you,
As I hope yours shall accompany me.

Father your blessing, and ere long expect
To heare where I am entertain'd a *Nunne*.
Brother, and Sister, to you both adue ;
Antonio dead, *Aurelia* marries new. *Exit.*

Pet. Farewell girle, when I remember thee,
The Beades I drop shall be my teares. *Enter Vermine in*

King. She's to all virgins a true mirror ; *a Cloake for the*
They that wo'd behold true love, reflect on her : *Prologue.*
There 'tis ingross'd.

3 *Tay.* Great King, our Grace ———

Old Tay. The King is sad, you must not act.

3 *Tay.* How ? not act ?

Shall not *Vermine* act ?

Old Tay. Yes you shall act, but not now ;
The King is indispos'd.

3 *Tay.* Well then, some other time ; I *Virmine*
The *King* will act before the King.

Old. Very good, pray make your *Exit.*

3 *Tay.* Ile muster up all the Taylers in the *The King and*
Towne, and so tickle their sides, *Gio. whisper.*

Old. Nay thou'rt a right *Virmine*, goe be not
Troublesome. *Exit Virmine.*

Gio. Upon my truth and loyalty great King,
What they did was but fain'd, meerely words
Without a heart : 'twas by *Antonio's* Counsell.

King. Thou art all truth : rise. *The Colonells kneele.*

Omnes. Long live King *Philip* in the calme of peace,
To exercise his Regall Clemency.

King. Take up *Antonio's* body, and let the rest

The Rebellion.

Finde Christian buriall: mercy befits a King,
Come trusty Tayler,
And to all Countries let swift Fame report,
King Philip made a Taylers house his Court.

Old. Your grace much honours me.

King. We can't enough pay thy alone deserts,
Kings may be poore, when Subjects are like thee,
So fruitfull in all loyall vertuous deeds:
March with the Body we'le performe all Rights,
Offiable Ceremony: that done,
We'le to our Court, since all our owne is won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.



